Nottingham, after thirty-three years' faithful service, by his numerous friends. —August, 1864." By the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church, Mr. Edwards is succeeded by the Rev. W. Stacey Chapman, B.A., formerly of Amersham, who commenced his ministry at George-street on the first Sunday in October.

FLEET, LINCOLNSHIRE.—It being a century since the first place of worship possessed by the General Baptist church, Fleet, Lincolnshire, was erected, special services were held in commemoration of the event on October 9th and 11th. On Lord's day, October 9th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, after which collections were made to meet the expense of repairing the minister's house, and renewing and enrolling the chapel deeds, &c. On Tuesday, October 11th, the Rev. J. Staddon, of Pinchbeck, preached in the morning. In the afternoon the Rev. J. Cotton, of Holbeach, presided, and the pastor, the Rev. F. Chamberlain, read a sketch of the history of the church; in which it was stated that it originated in 1681; that for eighty-three years it met in hired houses, first at Holbeach, then at Fleet and Luton, afterwards at Gedney, and then again at Fleet; that its first ordained pastor was William Kidd, who died in 1768; that more than a thousand persons have been connected with it; that from among its members ten have become pastors of churches, all faithful men, and two—Revs. J. Pegg and J. Stubbins—missionaries to the heathen; that besides several times enlarging the chapel at Fleet, it has erected five others in as many different places; that under God three other churches owe their existence to its labours; and that during the last fifty years it has raised somewhere about £10,000 for the support and extension of Christ's kingdom. Two of its pastors held office forty-eight years, namely, W. Burgess, twenty-three, and J. Rogers, twenty-five. It has now 222 members, two pastors, three chapels, and three Sunday schools, numbering 235 children, and forty-three teachers. At five o'clock a public tea-meeting was held, provision for which, as well as for dinner, was gratuitously provided. In the evening the pastor, brethren Fysch and Franks, and the Revs. W. Dyson, J. Cotton, and J. Staddon, delivered deeply-interesting and impressive addresses to a large audience. Collections, &c., amounted to £40—no small sum from a congregation composed chiefly of agricultural labourers.

TRINITY CHAPEL, BRADFORD.—Seven years having expired since the erection of this place of worship, and the formation of a church therein, the event has been publicly celebrated by a series of services. On Saturday evening, September 17th, a meeting for special thanksgiving and prayer was held in the school-room connected with Trinity Chapel. On the following Sunday, morning and evening, two sermons, appropriate to the occasion, were preached in Trinity Chapel, by the Rev. H. J. Betts, the pastor, to large congregations; and in the afternoon, an address was given by the rev. gentleman to the scholars taught in the Sabbath school. On the Tuesday evening, a large number of friends partook of tea in the spacious school-room adjoining the chapel. So numerous were the applicants for tickets, that there were no fewer than three sittings-down, and more than seven hundred persons took tea. Subsequently, a public meeting was held in the chapel, for the purpose of publicly presenting to the Rev. H. J. Betts testimonials in recognition of his faithful and successful labours as pastor during the past seven years, and in token of the affection of the church and the congregation. The testimonials consisted of eight handsomely-bound volumes of *The Commentary Wholly Biblical* (presented by the church and congregation); a purse containing sixty guineas (presented by the ladies of the congregation); a handsome inkstand in papier mâché (presented by the young men connected with the Sabbath school); a silver pencil-case, a gold pen, and a pearl paper-knife. The congregation was very large. John Cooke, Esq., occupied the chair. After devotional services, addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. P. Chown, S. G. Green, B.A., J. Makepeace, J. Dyson, Mr. T. R. Taylor, Mr. R. Harwood, and the Rev. H. J. Betts. The proceedings throughout were deeply interesting.

BISHOP BURTON, NEAR BEVERLEY.—The Baptist church at Bishop Burton having been formed September 27th, 1764, its centenary has been recently celebrated by special services. On Lord's day, September 25th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. G. C. Catterall, of Wakefield, late pastor of the church, after which collections were made to meet the expense of thoroughly repairing, painting, and cleaning the chapel. On Tuesday, the 27th, a public tea-meeting was held, when great numbers arrived in the village from Hull, Beverley, and the surrounding district. At half-past four tea was upon the tables, when, at two sittings-down, about 340 persons partook of the provisions spread before them. After tea, a public meeting

was held in the chapel, which was crowded, while many were at the doors unable to gain admittance. After singing and prayer, the pastor (the Rev. J. Dawson) read a short account relative to the providential and gracious dealings of God with the church, in which particular reference was made to the origin and formation of the church, to each pastor, to the period each had sustained the office, to the numbers added under each pastorate, and to the present state and prospects of the church. The chapel was opened in 1770, and Mr. David Kinghorn, the father of the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich, was the first pastor. There have been (including the present) ten pastors, two of whom held the office fifty-nine years; namely, Mr. Kinghorn twenty-nine years, and Mr. Berry thirty years. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Evans, of Scarborough; the Revs. G. C. Catterall, of Wakefield; L. B. Brown, of Hull; S. Brown (Wesleyan), of Beverley; A. Bowden, of Driffield; and W. C. Upton, of Beverley. The provisions were abundant, and the arrangements admirable, and the whole was conducted with the greatest order.

TAUNTON.—A Baptist church of considerable antiquity existed in this town; but its members had adopted Unitarian sentiments, for some time previous to the establishing of the Baptist church now worshipping in Silver-street, which was formed on October 30th, 1814. The jubilee of this latter church was celebrated recently. In conjunction therewith, services in connection with the re-opening of the chapel were also held. The building had been closed for some weeks in consequence of the fall of part of the ceiling and joists, shortly after the dismission of the congregation; and the pastor, the Rev. A. Von der Heyde Cowell, B.A., had preached meanwhile in the Castle Hall. The gracious protection of life was felt to demand devout and deep gratitude. Accordingly, a meeting for thanksgiving and prayer was held on Saturday, the 24th of September. On the following Sunday two admirable sermons were preached; that in the morning by the Rev. R. P. Macmaster (of Counterslip, Bristol), and that in the evening by the Rev. S. Wilkinson, minister of the Independent chapel, North-street, Taunton. On the Monday ensuing the Rev. N. Haycroft, M.A., of Bristol, delivered a powerful discourse, and on the Tuesday the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, of London, preached two excellent practical sermons. A considerable number assembled at a tea-meeting in the afternoon, and on account of the large attendance the congregation met in the evening in Paul's Meeting, kindly lent for the occasion. At the close of the very interesting and profitable services, it was announced that more than £200 had been contributed, which was sufficient to cover the cost of repairs and alterations, and to liquidate a small debt remaining on the class-rooms.

HAY, BRECONSHIRE.—On Wednesday and Thursday, September 28th and 29th, ordination services were held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. G. Rees, late of Haverfordwest College, as pastor of the Baptist church in the above town. On the Wednesday evening, impressive sermons were preached by the Revs. G. Phillips, of Evenjobb, from Deut. xxxi. 6; and D. Sinclair, of Peterchurch, from Micah ii. 13. On the Thursday, at half-past ten, the service was commenced by the Rev. L. Jones, of Penryheol, when the Rev. D. Sinclair gave a brief outline of the nature of a Christian church, and asked the usual questions of the young minister, which elicited very satisfactory answers. The church having expressed its unanimous invitation, and the minister his acceptance, the ordination prayer was then offered by Mr. Sinclair; after which, a most interesting charge was delivered to the minister elect by the Rev. T. Davies, D.D., President of Haverfordwest College, from 1 Tim. iv. 16, and an appropriate charge was delivered by the Rev. G. Phillips from 1 Thess. v. 12, 13. At half-past two, the Rev. R. Lloyd, of Hay, commenced by reading and prayer, and an able sermon was preached by the Rev. Llewellin Jones from Heb. xi. 38. The Rev. T. T. Phillips, of Painscastle, closed the service by prayer. In the evening, at half-past six, the Rev. C. Wilson Smith, of Kington, conducted the devotional part of the service, when a most admirable sermon was delivered by the Rev. T. Davies, D.D., from John iv. 10. The services, from beginning to end, were of a deeply-interesting character, and well attended. Mr. Rees enters on his ministerial labours with very encouraging prospects of usefulness and success.

BERKHAMPSTEAD.—On Tuesday, October 11th, the corner-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid in the High-street of this town, by Master John Garret Pegg, as the deputy of his revered and aged grandfather, John Garret, Esq., of Chesham. The friends and Sabbath school children assembled on the site of the new building at half-past two o'clock. The service was commenced by singing. The Rev. A. Dyson, of Haddenham, offered prayer. The Rev. J. Lawton, the pastor of the church, then exhibited a

bottle, to be afterwards placed in a cavity in the stone, containing a copy of the current week's *Freeman*, several local newspapers, and a short sketch of the history of the church, reaching back nearly two hundred years. A copy of this historic statement was then read. A beautiful silver trowel, with an appropriate inscription, was presented to the young gentleman above-named, and he commenced his masonic duties with hearty interest; which, having duly gone through, he closed by depositing on the stone a donation of £20. An animated address was then delivered by the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., of Praed-street, Paddington, and the ceremony concluded with the reception of other contributions and the singing of the doxology. A crowded tea-meeting was afterwards held in the Town-hall. After tea, addresses were delivered to a large assembly by the Revds. E. Davies, J. Preston, T. Snell, A. Dyson, and J. Lawton. The people were much encouraged by the day's engagements. The clear proceeds in aid of the building fund amounted to £53 14s. 11*d*.

Weston-super-Mare.—The new Baptist chapel in Wadham-street, in this town, was opened on Tuesday, September 27th. The new edifice is erected on the site of the former building, which had become too small for the increasing congregation. It is built in the Italian style; the doors, windows, and columns of the old building having been used in the new one. The chapel is calculated to seat 750 persons. Two school-rooms communicate with the chapel by folding doors, and, in cases of necessity, can be used as a part of the chapel, and would accommodate 250 more at the least. The cost of the building, including the school-rooms and offices, was £1,100, of which sum about £700 had still to be made up on the morning of the opening. The opening services were conducted in the following order:—The Rev. E. J. Rodway, the pastor, announced the first hymn; prayer was then offered by the Rev. R. C. Pritchett (Independent); the Rev. T. Gould announced the next hymn; after which the Rev. N. Haycroft, of Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, preached an excellent discourse from John xix. 2, 3. The concluding hymn was announced by Mr. Davis, of Reading, and the service closed with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Davis, of Cheddar. Dinner was afterwards held in the school-room, to which about eighty sat down. In the evening, the Rev. R. P. Macmaster, of Counterslip Chapel, Bristol, preached to a large congregation. The proceeds of the opening services were about £30.

Upton, Vale, Torquay.—A congregational tea-meeting was held in the spacious school-room connected with this place of worship, on Thursday evening, September 22nd. After tea, the chair was occupied by G. Edmonstone, Esq., and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Jordan, Robinson, Goodrick, Thomas Brown, jun., and Thomas Brown, sen., the latter of whom stated that, though the meeting had been convened for the benefit of the school, yet as it was the ninth anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. J. Kings as their pastor, it had been thought a suitable time to testify their regard for him and their appreciation of his ministry. That ministry had been so blessed, that the congregation had grown from less than forty persons to somewhere about 1,000, and the church had increased in proportion. He had, therefore, as the senior deacon, been commissioned by the church and congregation to present a purse, containing thirty sovereigns, to Mr. Kings, which, it was hoped, he would accept as a token of affection rather than as a remuneration for his services. Mr. Kings, on receiving the purse, expressed surprise and satisfaction; and after referring to the circumstances which brought him to Torquay nine years ago, and to the gratifying success which had attended the united efforts of pastor and people, exhorted all present to manifest their gratitude to God by more unreserved consecration to his service.

Whittlesea.—The members of the church and congregation connected with the General Baptist chapel in this town have been greatly improving their place of worship by new flooring the upper end of it, by erecting an orchestra and platform in the place of the old-fashioned pulpit and singing-pew, by altering some of the pews, and by thoroughly cleaning, painting, and graining the whole building. Re-opening services were held a few weeks since, when sermons were preached by the Rev. T. W. Mathews, of Boston, and a handsome sum was realized towards defraying the expenses incurred. But as a considerable balance was left unpaid, the proceeds of the anniversary and harvest-home festival were devoted to this object. Accordingly, on Sunday, September 18th, the Rev. S. S. Allsop, of Longford, preached two sermons, and a thanksgiving service was conducted in the afternoon by the pastor, the Rev. G. Fowler. On the following Tuesday afternoon, a harvest-sermon was preached by the Rev. W. H. Wylie, of Ramsay, the chapel being decorated with fruit and sheaves of wheat. A large and highly-respectable company (about 170) sat down

to tea. In the evening, the chapel was full, and many had to sit in the school-room. Appropriate addresses were given by the Revs. W. H. Wylie, J. Reed, S. S. Allsop, Thomas Barrass, W. Telfer, and G. Fowler. More than enough has been raised to clear off the remaining debt.

WHITEHAVEN.—On Monday, September 19th, services were held in the room at present occupied by the Baptist church in Whitehaven, for the purpose of recognizing the Rev. F. A. Charles as their pastor. On the previous day, preparatory sermons had been preached by the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., of Rawdon College. On the Monday morning, a respectable congregation assembled in the hall; and, after devotional exercises, the Rev. D. Kirkbride, of Maryport, delivered an introductory address; John Wilkinson, Esq., of Whitehaven, made a statement on behalf of the church, and put the usual questions to the pastor; Mr. Charles gave an interesting account of the steps by which he had been led to devote himself to the work of the ministry, and of his views and intentions in entering upon it; the ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. Joseph Burns; and the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., delivered the charge, from Coloss. i. 28. In the evening, the hall was crowded to the door—many persons being unable to find sitting accommodation—to hear a sermon by the Rev. Arthur Mursell, of Manchester. Mr. Mursell preached a powerful sermon from 1 Cor. i. 22-24.

CALNE.—During the ministry of the late Rev. T. Middleditch, the chapel at Castle-street, in this town, was opened to the street; the late Marquis of Lansdowne then removed a block of cottages from before it, and leased the site at a nominal rent to the trustees of the chapel. The exterior of the chapel was, however, extremely plain, while the whole was needing thorough repair. The church and congregation, now under the ministry of the Rev. Joseph Hurlstone, have just effected a most pleasing change in its aspect, and its interior comfort has been largely increased. It was re-opened on Thursday, September 22nd. The Rev. W. G. Lewis, of Westbourne Grove, had engaged to preach, but was prevented by illness; and, in the emergency, Mr. Hollyoak, from Bristol College, kindly supplied the vacancy. Between the services, about 200 persons partook of tea. On the following Sunday, the Rev. C. J. Middleditch, of London, whose father was pastor at Calne for thirteen years, preached, morning and evening, to good congregations. Over £20 was received at these services, but nearly £150 is still required to meet the outlay.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.—A very interesting meeting was held, on the 26th of September, at Kingsgate Chapel, Holborn (kindly lent for the occasion), in connection with the recognition meeting of the Rev. H. C. Parry, as pastor of the Welsh Baptist church meeting in Tottenham-court-road, London. Tea was on the table at five p.m., and about 300 friends partook of it. The public meeting commenced at seven, and the Rev. Jesse Hobson took the chair. The chairman opened the meeting in an able speech. Mr. Evans, senior deacon of the church, gave a very interesting statement of its history from its commencement to the present day. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Revs. G. W. Evans, Upton Chapel; M. Evans, Moorfields; W. Lloyd, Aldersgate; C. W. Banks, and H. C. Parry, the recognized minister. It appears, from the statement given by Mr. Evans, that the Welsh church in Tottenham-court-road is in a healthy condition, and that Mr. Parry enters upon his labours with encouraging prospects.

WELLINGTON STREET, LUTON.—Services in recognition of the Rev. H. Ashbury as pastor of the church meeting in Wellington Street Chapel, Luton, were held in that place on Monday, September 26th. A tea-meeting was held prior to the evening service, and was well attended. The public meeting was held at half-past six o'clock, with James Waller, Esq., in the chair. The chairman having opened the meeting with appropriate remarks, and the Rev. T. R. Stevenson, of Union Chapel, having also expressed, in hearty words, his respect and affection for Mr. Ashbery, and his good wishes for his success, Mr. Pryor, the senior deacon, made a statement as to the circumstances attending the settlement of Mr. Ashbery; and Mr. Ashbery himself, who was very cordially received, forcibly addressed the assembly in reference to his views and hopes in entering upon his new charge. The Revs. T. Hands, D. Gould, of Dunstable, and Brewin Grant, B.A., of Sheffield, also delivered kind and appropriate addresses.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—The new Baptist chapel on Rye Hill, for the congregation formerly worshipping at New Court Chapel, was opened for divine service on Thursday, October 6th. On the 20th September, and two following days, a bazaar was held in the New Town-hall, where the Rev. Wildon Carr had been preaching for two years, when the liberality of the ladies of the church provided articles that realised £560, and, thanks to the economical management of

the stewards, a clear profit of £522 was handed over to the building fund. The elegant chapel, which will accommodate about twelve hundred persons, was opened with two sermons by the Rev. N. Haycroft, M.A., of Bristol. On the first Lord's day, the Rev. Wildon Carr, the pastor, himself preached; and the building was well filled. The entire cost of the detached freehold site, the chapel and the school-room for six hundred children, is about £5,000, of which only three-fifths are at present raised.

Old King Street, Bristol.—The Rev. F. Bosworth, who has been suffering for the last twelve months from an accident whilst travelling, and thereby prevented from attending to the pastoral duties of the above church, has felt it to be his duty to resign the pastorate. At a recent church-meeting a resolution was passed expressive of sympathy with Mr. Bosworth in his long-continued affliction, of the high appreciation of the church of the honourable manner in which he had resigned the pastoral office when unable to fulfil its duties, and of their desire to retain at least in part his pulpit ministrations. Mr. Bosworth has willingly consented to the wish of the church in this respect, and will, when able to do so, take one of the services on the Lord's day. He is, however, to be freed from all pastoral care and responsibility, and the deacons were recommended to obtain as speedily as possible the services of an efficient pastor.

Winchester.—Some of the Baptists of Winchester seceded from the church at Silver Hill some time since, and joined with others in forming another church. Up to this time they have met in a large room at the Corn Exchange, Winchester, and they have been busy making arrangements for the building of a chapel. On Thursday, October 6th, their first stone was laid by Samuel Beaven, Esq., late of St. Cross. The site is in the City Road. Addresses were given by the Rev. T. M. Thorpe, the minister; the Rev. J. Davies, of Portsea; and the Rev. D. Wassall, of Bath. On the conclusion of the ceremony, offerings, amounting to about £30, were laid on the stone. At five o'clock nearly 200 friends had tea at the Corn Exchange, and addresses were given by Messrs. Beaven, Wills, Wassall, Thorpe, Davies, and Hooson. The new buildings will be an ornament to the leading entrance to the city from the railway, and will cost about £1,200.

Aberdeen.—On Wednesday evening, October 5th, the church worshipping in John Street Chapel, Aberdeen, held its annual tea-meeting, when almost all the members in town were present. The special objects contemplated were the commemoration of the settlement of the Rev. S. J. Davis as pastor twelve months ago, and the presentation of thanksgiving to God for the success which had crowned his labours during the year. The church had been greatly depressed; and, in the hope of its revival, a very earnest effort was made to induce Mr. Davis to take the oversight of it. The result has fully justified the effort; indeed, the most sanguine expectations have been surpassed. The church has received additions of fully one-third more than it numbered this time last year. The meeting was at once a solemn and a joyous one; pastor and people all feeling that they had much cause to thank God and take courage.

South Kensington Chapel, Cornwall Gardens.—The Rev. S. Bird's congregation have erected an iron building upon the ground which has been secured for their new chapel. It is so placed as not to interfere with the erection of the chapel, and can be used afterwards as a lecture-hall, vestries, &c. The cost, exclusive of the seats and gas-fittings, which have been presented by two friends, is £245. The place was opened for worship on Tuesday, September 13th, when the Rev. C. Stovel preached in the morning, and a public meeting was held in the evening. The attendance in the morning was very small owing to the stormy weather; but it cleared up in the evening, and the place was filled to overflowing. The people are greatly rejoiced that, after six years of inconvenience and anxiety from not having a place of their own, their prayers and patience are being graciously crowned with the divine blessing.

Cheltenham.—On Wednesday evening, September 29th, the ordination of the Rev. T. Foston (late of Bristol College) took place at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham. The service, which was of the simplest kind, was commenced by the Rev. T. Wilkinson, of Tewkesbury. Mr. Foston then gave a short and modest statement of his views of divine truth; after which, prayer on his behalf was offered by the Rev. G. M'Michael, B.A., of Bourton-on-the-Water. The charge by the Rev. Professor Gotch, LL.D., based on a passage in 1 Peter, was most comprehensive, solemn, and affectionate. The Rev. N. Haycroft, M.A., in a vigorous and effective manner, addressed the church and congregation upon their duties and responsibilities in regard to their new pastor. After the service, the ministers and

friends from a distance sat down to a supper provided especially for them in the vestry.

WALWORTH ROAD, LONDON.—On Tuesday, September 27th, and two following days, a bazaar was held to inaugurate the opening, and to aid the funds for erecting the new schools in connection with Walworth Road Chapel. After payment of all expenses the noble sum of £420 was realised by the sales, which, added to previous contributions, amounting to £1,100, will leave a balance of about £750; and this sum has been generously provided by £10 debenture loans, without interest, to be repaid in course of three or five years: so that the whole cost of chapel and schools, amounting to £8,250, is met, and a noble pile of buildings secured for the use of the church and congregation lately meeting in Lion Street, Walworth.

ZION, FESTINIOG, MERIONETHSHIRE.—Services in connection with the opening of the above chapel were held on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of September: the Revs. H. Morgan, of Dolgellan; R. Ellis, of Carnarvon; J. G. Owen, of Rhyl; and W. Morgan, D.D., of Holyhead, taking part in the services. Several friends have contributed liberally towards the erection of this place of worship, and, among others, the church wishes specially to thank J. Caine, Esq., of Liverpool, for his kind donation.

YORK STREET, MANCHESTER.—On Monday evening, October 10th, a tea-meeting was held in the school-room of the Baptist chapel, York-street, Manchester, on which occasion a purse, containing £61 18s. 6d., was presented to the Rev. Richard Chenery, as an expression of esteem and affection from the church and congregation, and in appreciation of his valuable services as minister of the above-named chapel during the last fifteen years.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. J. C. Smith, of Carley-street, Leicester, has resigned the pastorate of that church, and is open to invitation.—The Rev. W. Page, B.A., late of Regent's Park College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Truro, and commenced his labours on the first Lord's day in October.—The Rev. J. Spragg, M.A., has resigned the pastorate of the church at Westbury Leigh, Wilts.—Mr. W. Jones, of Pontypool College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the church at Tongwynlas.—The Rev. P. W. Grant has resigned the pastorate of the church in Darlington.—The Rev. F. Edwards, B.A., late of Leeds, has accepted the invitation of the church and congregation to resume the pastorate of the Baptist church, Harlow, Essex.—The Rev. John Price, late of Amersham, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Alberton, Port Adelaide, South Australia, and will shortly sail for that colony.—The Rev. G. Haigh has resigned the pastorate of the church at Bessell's Green, Kent.—The Rev. W. Lewis, Moriah, Dowlais, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Velinvoel, Llanelly, and commenced his ministry there on the second Sunday in October.—The Rev. J. S. Jones, of Llanfair, has accepted an invitation from the church at Saron, Rhymney Vale.—Mr. W. E. Williams, of the Baptist College, Llangollen, North Wales, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of Hephzibah church, Bedwas, Mon.—Mr. John Minett, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Stantonbury, Bucks.

GENERAL.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT BELVEDERE, AND THE LATE GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION.—The following letter, from the pastor of the church at Belvedere, is published in *The Freeman*. We have much pleasure in giving it insertion here, in the hope that it will call forth both expressions and acts of sympathy:—"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly allow me through your columns to make an appeal to Christian sympathy in behalf of the Baptist church at Belvedere, which has been placed in circumstances of trial through the recent terrible gunpowder explosion? It was only last Thursday that I removed from Lincoln to Belvedere, to assume the pastorate of the church, and I was anticipating with pleasure the services of the Sabbath, when I should for the first time minister to the people as a resident in their midst. The terrible catastrophe of Saturday, however, disappointed these expectations, as it rendered it utterly impossible to assemble for worship in the chapel; almost every window being shattered, and not merely glass, but even the very framework, being destroyed. Indeed, it is hard at present to say how far the damage extends; but this is certain, that the cost of restoration will be very considerable, and as the church was only formed last year, and is yet in its feeble infancy, it needs the kind assistance of friends to enable it to meet the cost of repairs without adding to the debt which already burdens it. If any of your readers will kindly lend a helping hand, assistance will be very gratefully received either by myself, addressed, Belvedere, Kent, S.E.,

or by the Rev. J. Hobson, 48, Moorgate Street, London, E.C. Mr. Hobson has already kindly given £5 towards the object. I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, WILLIAM GOODMAN.—Belvedere, Oct. 4, 1864."

REFUSAL OF BURIAL-RITES IN WILTS.—In the parish of Luckington, Wilts, the other day, a respectable farm-labourer lost by death his youngest child, aged thirteen months, and having already two children buried in the parish churchyard, applied to have this one interred with them. However, to the surprise of the bereaved parents, they were informed by a messenger from the clergyman that the child not having been baptized in the church, would not be allowed, as usual, the rites of Christian burial, but the sexton might bury it, if they liked, without. After consulting the pastor of the Independent church, Sherston (of which the father is a member, and by whom the child had been baptized), it was decided to bury it in the chapel cemetery, where the usual burial-service was read, to the comfort of the bereaved parents. It seems that, just before the funeral, the clergyman, the Rev. G. Groggan, sent to say he would bury the child the same as any other, for he had found out the parents were not Baptists.

A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER BECOME A BAPTIST.—On Tuesday, Oct. 4th, a meeting of the Perth United Presbyterian Presbytery was held for the consideration of the case of the Rev. Mr. Young, who, as stated in our last, resigned his position as a minister of the United Presbyterian church some weeks since, in consequence of a change in his views on baptism. It was reported by the committee appointed to confer with Mr. Young, that the committee met on the 20th September, and had a lengthened conference with Mr. Young, but that they failed to produce a change in his views regarding infant baptism, as expressed by him when resigning his charge of the church of Kinclaven. After a lengthened discussion it was agreed to accept the resignation of Mr. Young, and to declare him no longer a minister of the United Presbyterian church, and it was directed that his name be deleted from the roll of Presbytery. On the 9th of October Mr. Young was publicly baptized by the Rev. J. Culross, A.M., of Stirling.

GRAVEYARD INTOLERANCE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—A recent visitor to the Isle of Wight acquaints us that, while rambling in the burial ground attached to the Independent chapel at Brading, he was as much pained as surprised at lighting upon the following inscription on a tombstone:—"The three bodies here interred were denied Christian burial by the clergy of their respective parishes: the two children, because they died unbaptized; the youth, because he had been baptized by a Wesleyan minister. This stone is erected as a tribute of affection for those whom Christ hath received, and as a standing testimony against clerical intolerance." He asks whether we have much right to boast of our superior civilization, when such record as this is to be found in the burial-place of the dead?—*Liberator.*

ADULT BAPTISM IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The following advertisement appears in the columns of a contemporary:—"The incumbent of a parish in which the population consists chiefly of the sect of Baptists, wishes to construct a small baptistery for the baptism of adults by immersion. About £40, in addition to sums in hand, would enable him to effect this. The congregation being all of the operative class, the alms of wealthier Churchmen are respectfully solicited.—Address, Rev. W. S. Hoole, Briercliffe Parsonage, Burnley, Lancashire."—With a view to encouraging the Rev. W. S. Hoole in the good way, we give insertion to his advertisement *gratis*. We hope that "wealthier Churchmen" will respond to this appeal.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE past month has been chiefly remarkable for the number of important religious gatherings that have been held during its passage. A Church Congress, attended by several hundred clergymen and others, has been held at Bristol; an Assembly in connexion with the United Presbyterian Church, also largely attended, has been held in London; the Congrega-

tional Union has had its usual Autumnal Meeting at Hull, and has been more than ordinarily successful; and the first Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union has been held in Birmingham, under circumstances with which most of our readers probably are already familiar. All these meetings, looking at them from different points of view, have been highly important and very suggestive; but of course the meetings of the Baptist Union are those to which *our* readers will look with the deepest interest. As we have given an account of the Session elsewhere, it is not needful here to enter into details; but we cannot help congratulating ourselves, and the denomination generally, on the great and unexpected success which attended the gathering. Certainly, in the whole course of its history, the Baptist Union had never such a meeting. In numbers, in its representative character, in the permanent value and importance of the proceedings, no previous gathering, within *our* recollection at least, can be at all compared with it; and it must be a source of pleasure to our honoured brother, Mr. Mursell, that he was permitted to preside over such a Session, and to the Secretaries of the Union that they were enabled to conduct the proceedings to so gratifying an issue. It cannot be doubted that an Autumnal Meeting will henceforth be a recognized institution of the body.

Meantime, while this autumnal meeting has been held thus peacefully and pleasantly, the great controversy in which our views as a denomination occupy so chief a place, has continued to attract attention. Pamphlets and tracts pour from the press, and episcopal pulpits resound with the din and fury of the conflict. Mr. Spurgeon has received the usual amount of abuse,—even so good a man as the Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, joining in it even more rudely than the majority of his brethren, while declaring Mr. Spurgeon to be "unworthy of notice." Mr. Spurgeon himself, so far from being frightened into silence, has published a second sermon more remarkable than the first. The text, which was from Ezek. xi. 5, "Thus saith the Lord," indicates the character of the discourse, which deserves, as it will doubtless obtain, a very wide circulation. The whole controversy is one of the "signs of the times," and it cannot fail to produce important and beneficial results.

The political events of the month do not call for special notice. In America, the approaching Presidential election attracts, of course, increasing attention—all the probabilities pointing at present to the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, while the military successes of the Federals have done much to advance his cause. On the continent, the chief subject of discussion has been the French convention with Italy, which may well cause additional anxiety to the occupant of the Papal throne. At home, there is nothing to record but the tour of Mr. Gladstone in Lancashire, which has scarcely any beyond a personal interest; and the death of the Duke of Newcastle, which all his countrymen will unite to regret. Rumours of an approaching dissolution of Parliament continue to abound. It is considered to be all but certain that we shall have a General Election next spring or summer. For which event let all Liberals, and especially all Dissenters, be prepared!

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"PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW."

Some tunes never weary us. They are always welcome. Heard over and over again, they are ever pleasant. We have known them from our earliest days. We wish never to forget them. Their youth is renewed as the eagle's. Like divers ancient institutions which the iron hand of time is impotent to destroy, they are held in universal reverence. Generation after generation they continue. They remind one of the Laureate's "brook,"—

> "Men may come, and men may go,
> But I flow on for ever."

Childhood rejoices in them; manhood loves them; old age, dotes on them.

Who, for example, does not like the air of "Home, sweet home"? We never met with the man that did not. Could such a one be found, we should be driven to one of two conclusions respecting him. We should believe him to be either a fool or a rogue. The question to be determined about him would be whether he should be lodged in a lunatic asylum or domiciled in a jail. Shakspeare's well-known declamation against those who have no regard for music would apply with special emphasis to the human monstrosity whose case we are supposing. "Home, sweet home!" Why, the tune has something of the simple sweetness and soothing solace of the place to which the song refers. Sung by a gifted vocalist at a concert, or by a sister in our own parlour; performed by a noble military band, or played on the rustic pipe outside the cottage door, its well-known strains are ever like the returning of an old friend. It touches the tenderest chords of our social nature. For the time being, the heart is taken captive by it. Emotions which words are futile to describe, and, as Wordsworth says, "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears," rise at its bidding, like spirits at the waving of the enchanter's wand. How often the weary traveller sings it as he hastens homeward! The schoolboy, fresh from the patronal roof, hastily brushes away a tear as he hears it. An emigrant sitting near his log-hut, watching the vermilion sun as it sets,

his face bronzed with the solar rays, his brawny arms folded across his broad chest, his face expressive of calm and rest as he slowly puffs fragrant clouds from his short pipe, his trusty dog asleep at his feet, his flocks and herds browsing in the background: all this—and as much more as the reader's fertile imagination likes to add—looks very pleasant, and makes you half wish to live a similar free and easy life. Indeed. Then just look at the sad expression which steals over the said emigrant's countenance when his wife begins to sing her baby asleep with "Home, sweet home!" May be this will lead you to alter your opinion. Albeit, it shows the power of the tune.

It would be easy to multiply instances. One other only we mention. It appertains to the spiritual side of life. We mean the "Old Hundredth." What scores, nay hundreds of times most of us have heard it! At the close of services and at the end of prayer-meetings, as the *finale* of public meetings and the termination of private meetings, we have listened to it. All know it. Every one can join in it. The mention of it suggests the idea of a gathering of people singing *en masse;* chairman singing, speakers singing, audience singing, even the chapel-keeper, opening the doors for the congregation's exit, singing. It is seldom sung badly. Though the hymns used in a service have been wretchedly executed, justice is generally done to at least one verse.

As with tunes, so with hymns. Some are universal favourities. They are sung almost everywhere, and, as Mr. Carlyle would phrase it, everywhen. Episcopalians and Dissenters alike patronize them. High, Low, and Broad Church use them. You may listen to them in sanctuaries gorgeous in stonework and ironwork, carving and sculpture, painting and embroidery, as well as in cottage-rooms which are extemporized into places of worship. No one dreams of not liking them. They may, here and there, be defective in point of taste. Never mind; they are good hymns notwithstanding. The most fastidious people accept them as such. Keen-visaged criticism lets its glass fall from its eye, Iconoclast hangs up his club, and the most determined ecclesiastical fault-finder exclaims, "Othello's occupation's gone!" "There is a land of pure delight;" "Sweet is the work, my God, my King;" "When I can read my title clear:" the hymns commencing with these lines are illustrations of our meaning. It is not too much to say that they are of world-wide reputation. We all sing them with pleasure, and as we do so we feel disposed to take the liberty of altering Cowper's patriotic exclamation, and crying, "Watts, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Good old Bishop Ken, however, has won for his devout and simple muse a larger fame than the author of "Psalms and Hymns." Indeed, we doubt whether any words of adoration are more used than his doxology, always excepting the "sweet singer of Israel." "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The words are as familiar to us as the Lord's Prayer. We carry them with us from the nursery to the grave. The occasions on which we have repeated them seem innumerable. Why, only last week, one heard them—how often! Dr. Silvertongue preached at the opening of the new chapel in Broad-street: preached so long that there was not time

for a regular hymn; so it was sung then. The same evening there was a meeting at Ebenezer-meeting; it was sung then. The evening following there was a lecture on behalf of the Jews; it was sung then. Lecture of the Young Men's Association, Committee of the County Association, etc.; sung on each occasion. Verily, what the National Anthem is to the English people, the doxology is to the English church.

In this frequent adoption of the verse there is everything to approve. By all means let us keep to it. Notwithstanding, it would be well if we realised the sentiment more. Better quote it half the number of times and appropriate its glorious meaning, than employ it, as too often we do, as a mere formula. It is of the first line that we now speak. It declares that "all blessings flow" from God. What a hackneyed fact! How common-place an assertion! Nevertheless, many of us fail to familiarise ourselves with it. We believe that "all blessings flow" from God. That is part of our creed. Yet when we come to make a practical application of our belief, we are one-sided and exclusive. The word "blessings" we usually associate with such gifts as pardon, enlightenment, usefulness, and heavenly hope. Sometimes we extend the category, and add items like these:—health, education, friends, money, and similar advantages. Quite right. Blessings they are indeed and of a truth. But why should we not go further? Why not carry out the principle which we lay down in our doxology, and associate God with *all* blessings? To wit. As I sit now in my quiet study and look round, I see in its contents certain "blessings." I ought, therefore, to "praise God, from whom" they "flow." To come down to particulars. Here, by my desk, is a letter written by a very dear friend. There is nothing special in it. It is, for the most part, an epistle of what may be called gossip. There is no "improvement" of any event, no lecturing, no preaching in it. At the same time, it did me good when I read it, and it does me good to glance over it now. It is like one of those gradual gleamings of sunlight which you have often seen gradually spread over a field. Therefore it is a blessing. Let me remember that it flows from God, and praise him for it. On the same table is a photographic album. Well, it is true that I cannot make money by the portraits which it contains. It is not what Mr. Wemmick would call "portable property" that can be converted into great gain. Nevertheless, I am often cheered by turning over the leaves of it. Pleasant memories of absent loved ones flit, like gentle spirits, across one's mind. So that it is a blessing. Let me remember that it flows from God, and praise him for it. Here, too, is a vase of the few remaining flowers of the season, flowers which a certain kind hand has gathered for me. Very beautiful they are. The more precious because rare. It is wonderful to put one's pen down for a few minutes and carefully examine the petals and leaves. Truly, the small as much as the great in nature evinces divine skill and love. The flowers delight me and make me more reverent. They are blessings. Let me remember that they flow from God, and praise him for them. Yonder are several new books, Tennyson's latest among the rest. "Only poetry," some matter-of-fact fellow-citizen would say. "Only," indeed! If you did but know the pure

pleasure—to say nothing of the moral influence—it imparts, you would soon drop the disparaging adverb. It does me good in more ways than one. It is a blessing. Let me remember that it flows from God, and praise him for it.

Carry out the sentiment of the doxology to its legitimate extent. That is our meaning. See God in everything. Learn to recognize his hand in the small and the ordinary as well as in the great and the extraordinary experiences of life. Several most desirable results will follow. Here is one: we shall value our blessings more. The Giver sanctifies the gift. Its attractiveness depends more upon who bestows it than on what it is. In yonder corner is a walking-stick. Money would not buy it. The owner would not part with it on any account. Why not? It is nothing extraordinary. There are many as good in the shops. A few pence would procure one equal to it. Indeed, it is rather the worse for wear. "The worse for wear? No; the better!" cries he who possesses it. There you have the explanation. It is valuable because of its former owner. In like manner, if we acquired the blessed habit of recollecting the Giver of our ordinary mercies, we should appreciate them more.

Another consequence would be that we should make a better use of our blessings. Forgetfulness of their source leads to sin and folly in their employment. Take money, for instance. Penuriousness and prodigality are the two evils connected with it. But mark the character of those who fall into either of these extremes. They are not usually devout men. It is he who regards each coin in his purse as God's gift that learns the art of spending well. "God gives it me, therefore I must not be reckless with it. God gives it me, therefore I must not be miserly with it. I must strive to be, like him, both wise and beneficent." So he reasons. Happy results, truly, of remembering that from God "all blessings flow."

"Praise God." This is man's prerogative. We sometimes speak of nature as doing it, but it is not literally true that it does. Seas, storms, suns, stars, afford reason for man's thankfulness, and in that sense may be said to praise God.

"But man alone to bounteous heaven
His *conscious* strains can raise;
To favoured man alone 'tis given
To join the angelic choir in praise."

This, our distinguishing honour, however, we too often forget. Habitual gratitude is not sufficiently characteristic of our spiritual life. The church is deficient in praise. "Whom do you hear?" is a question more frequently asked than "Where do you worship?" The homily is thought more of than the hymn. We are attracted by preachers rather than by psalms. Oh for a larger share of praise! It would, beyond controversy, make us better and happier. One might almost venture to add to the beatitudes and say, "Blessed are the grateful." It would render religion more beautiful in the eyes of men if we had more and heartier laudation. Cheerful and contented piety is a testimony to the intrinsic worth of godliness which the world never fails to appreciate.

That your piety and mine, Christian friend, may be of this order, let us not seldom remember and reflect upon the oft-sung line, "Praise God,

from whom all blessings flow." Let us remember how much that "all" includes. Let us remember that it is from "God"—in other words, the Good One—that blessings come. Let us remember that they "flow," coming from him as freely and bountifully as streams from a perennial fountain. This let us do, and then we shall in very deed "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

GEORGE MÜLLER AND ASHLEY DOWN.

One of the most remarkable religious movements of the present century is that which has its home at Ashley Down, near Bristol; and which originated thirty years ago in the faith and love of George Müller. Apart from the unspeakable blessings which have followed Mr. Müller's undertaking, and still follow it, we regard it as a noble testimony in this unbelieving age to the power of prayer and trust in the living God. We feel confident that in presenting our readers with a sketch of this work we shall minister at once to their interest and profit.

Mr. Müller was born near Halberstadt, in Prussia, on the 27th of September, 1805. Although it was his father's desire that he should become a clergyman in the Lutheran church, and although he studied for that purpose, yet the first twenty years of his life were spent in sin. At length, about Easter, 1826, while he was at the University of Halle, he was led to yield himself unreservedly to the Lord. For some years previous to this, his life had been a continual struggle between his propensities to evil and his convictions of right and duty; but the latter were always silenced and subdued by the former. Now, however, he began to enjoy the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

In the fulness of his love to Christ, he resolved to give himself to missionary work, and offered his services to the Berlin Missionary Society. His father, however, would not consent to his going abroad; for, although it was his wish that his son should be a clergyman, he was an unconverted man, and only thought of the clerical profession as one which secured for those who entered it a good social position and a comfortable livelihood. Without the father's consent, the Berlin Society declined to engage the young student; consequently for the present he remained at Halle.

The following year, having heard that the Continental Society in England intended to send a minister to Bucharest, to labour chiefly among the Germans resident there, and having obtained his father's consent to his going there if he received the appointment, he applied for it through his friend Professor Tholuck. But here again the door was closed. War was raging at the time between the Turks and the Russians, and Bucharest was the seat of conflict. It did not, therefore, seem wise to the committee to send a missionary thither until peace was restored.

Disappointed a second time in his desire to be engaged in the Lord's work, Mr. Müller's attention was now turned to the subject of preaching the Gospel to the Jews. He felt anxious to become a missionary to that ancient and once honoured race. At his request Dr. Tholuck again came to his aid, and wrote to the committee of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, seeking an engagement for him as one of their agents. After some preliminary correspondence, he received a letter informing him that the committee had determined to receive him as a missionary student for six months on probation.

Now the pillar of cloud and fire began to move. After surmounting several obstacles to his departure from his native country, arising from his citizenship, he finally left; and landed in London, on the 19th of March, 1829. He at once entered the Society's college, and commenced his work. Having already enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, he was able to devote a large portion of his time to the study of Hebrew; and from the account he furnishes of the way in which he pursued his studies we see that he had already learned the value of prayer. "I now studied much," he says,—"about twelve hours a day, chiefly Hebrew; commenced Chaldee; perfected myself in reading the German Jewish in Rabbinic characters; committed portions of the Hebrew Old Testament to memory, &c.; and this I did with prayer, often falling on my knees, leaving my books for a little, that I might seek the Lord's blessing, and also, that I might be kept from that spiritual deadness which is so frequently the result of much study. I looked up to the Lord even whilst turning over the leaves of my Hebrew dictionary, asking his help that I might quickly find the words."

Mr. Müller was in feeble health when he came to England; his close attention to study, therefore, soon threw him into a dangerous illness. For a time it was feared he would not recover; but gradually he improved; and, acting according to medical advice, went to Devonshire for a change of air.

His sojourn in the West of England served to change the whole future of his life. He became acquainted at Teignmouth with several Christians, his intercourse with whom was greatly blessed to him. Among these were Mr. Craik, a young Scotch minister, who for upwards of thirty years has been his intimate friend and worthy coadjutor; and a young lady, whose brother had just abandoned a profession which yielded him an income of fifteen hundred pounds a year, that he might go as a missionary to Persia, looking for support only to the Lord. This young lady afterwards became Mrs. Müller; and for many years has proved to her husband a true helpmeet.

In January, 1830, Mr. Müller wrote to the committee of the London Society, stating that in consequence of the increased light he had received he could not henceforth labour in connection with that or any other society, where he should be bound by rule and dependent on a regular salary; but that he would gladly serve them without any remuneration, if they would allow him to labour in regard to time and place as the Lord might direct him. An arrangement of this kind did not however appear to the committee to be desirable; and his connection with the London Society was dissolved.

Being thus set free, he continued to labour in Devonshire for two years; exercising his ministry chiefly at Teignmouth. During his stay at Teignmouth he was taught the will of Christ concerning baptism. His account of the way in which the subject was first brought before him, and of the course he pursued in relation to it, is interesting and instructive. We give it in his own words, because they set before us the man. "About the beginning of April I went to preach at Sidmouth. While I was staying there, three sisters in the Lord had, in my presence, a conversation about baptism, one of whom had been baptized after she had believed. When they had conversed a little on the subject, I was asked to give my opinion concerning it. My reply was, 'I do not think that I need to be baptized again.' I was then asked by the sister who had been baptized, 'But have you been baptized?' I answered, 'Yes; when I was a child.' She then replied, 'Have you ever read the Scriptures, and prayed with reference to this subject?' I answered, 'No.' 'Then,' she said, 'I entreat you never to speak any more about it till you have done so.' It pleased the Lord to show me the importance of this remark; for whilst at that very time I was exhorting every one to receive nothing which could not be proved by the Word of God, I had repeatedly spoken against believers' baptism, without having ever earnestly

examined the Scriptures, or prayed concerning it; and now I determined, if God would help me, to examine that subject also, and if infant baptism were found to be scriptural, I would earnestly defend it; and if believers' baptism were right, I would as strenuously defend that, and be baptized. As soon as I had time, I set about examining the subject. The mode I adopted was as follows: Repeatedly I asked God to teach me concerning it, and I read the New Testament from the beginning, with a particular reference to this point. But now, when I earnestly set about the matter, a number of objections presented themselves to my mind. 1. Since many holy and enlightened men have been divided in opinion concerning this point, does not this prove that it is not to be expected we should come to a satisfactory conclusion about this question in the present imperfect state of the church? This objection was thus removed: If this ordinance is revealed in the Bible, why may I not know it, as the Holy Spirit is the teacher in the church of Christ now as well as formerly? 2. There have been but few of my friends baptized, and the greater part of them are opposed to believers' baptism, and they will turn their backs on me. Answer: Though all men should forsake me, if the Lord Jesus takes me up I shall be happy. 3. You will be sure to lose one-half of your income if you are baptized. Answer: As long as I desire to be faithful to the Lord, he will not suffer me to want. 4. People will call you a Baptist; and you will be reckoned among that body, and you cannot approve of all that is going on among them. Answer: It does not follow that I must in all points go along with all those who hold believers' baptism, although I should be baptized. 5. You have been preaching for some years, and you will have thus publicly to confess that you have been in an error, should you be led to see that believers' baptism is right. Answer: It is much better to confess that I have been in error concerning that point than to continue in it. 6. Even if believers' baptism should be right, yet it is now too late to attend to it, as you ought to have been baptized immediately on believing. Answer: It is better to fulfil a commandment of the Lord Jesus ever so late, than to continue living in the neglect of it." The spirit in which Mr. Müller sought the truth on this subject may be gathered from the following sentence,—"I could say, '*I will do his will*,' and it was on that account, I believe, that I soon saw which '*doctrine is of God*,' whether infant baptism or believers' baptism." The result of Mr. Müller's inquiries is thus told: "As soon as I was brought into this state of heart, I saw from the Scriptures that believers ONLY are the proper subjects for baptism, and that immersion is the only true scriptural mode in which it ought to be attended to. The passage which particularly convinced me of the former, is Acts viii. 36–38; and of the latter, Rom. vi. 3-5. Some time after, I was baptized. I had much peace in doing so, and never have I for one single moment regretted it."

In May, 1832, Mr. Müller and Mr. Craik, after much deliberation and prayer, removed to Bristol; where already they had occasionally ministered with great acceptance to many, and signal tokens of the divine blessing. Their united labours were followed by the richest tokens of God's approval. For a long time they continued to occupy two chapels, which were crowded with hearers. Many were converted through their instrumentality; and some years as many as a hundred members were added to their fellowship.

A few months after their settlement in Bristol they received letters from Bagdad, urging them to come out and join their friends in mission work there. This matter, like all others, was laid before the Lord, who satisfied his servants that they were in the place he had appointed for them. They resolved, therefore, not to remove their tent.

About this time Mr. Müller read the life of Franke, the founder of the Orphan House at Halle; and cherished a strong desire to follow the example of

this holy and useful man. The fruit of his reading and meditation soon began to appear. Under date of June the 12th, 1833, he says,—"I felt this morning that we might do something for the souls of those poor boys and girls, and grown-up or aged people, to whom we have daily given bread for some time past, in establishing a school for them, reading the Scriptures to them, and speaking to them about the Lord." Through a pressure of work on Mr. Craik and himself this desire was not then carried out; but from time to time it revived and strengthened, until it ultimately issued in the formation of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution, and in the establishment of those magnificent Orphan Houses which are now the wonder of Christendom.

"The Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad," was founded on the 5th of March, 1834. Its objects were to educate the poor on scriptural principles—to circulate the Scriptures and religious tracts—and to assist missionaries at home and abroad. In this institution there was to be no committee—no membership—no voting. No dependence was to be placed on the patronage of persons of wealth, influence, or rank. No aid was to be solicited from the unbelieving world, and no agents were to be employed but such as were believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. Finally, the Institution was never to be in debt. On the 3rd of June, 1835, fifteen months after the establishment of the Institution, a public meeting was held to review past progress, when Mr. Müller was able to report as follows: "We have been enabled during this time to establish three day schools, and to connect with the Institution two other charity day schools, which, humanly speaking, otherwise would have been closed for want of means. In addition to this, the expenses connected with a Sunday school and an adult school have been likewise defrayed; making seven schools altogether. The number of the children that have been thus provided with schooling, in the day schools only, amounts to four hundred and thirty-nine. The number of copies of the Holy Scriptures which have been circulated is seven hundred and ninety-five Bibles and seven hundred and fifty-three New Testaments. We have also sent, in aid of missionary labours in Canada, in the East Indies, and on the Continent of Europe, £117 11*s*. The whole amount of the free-will offerings put into our hands for carrying on this work, from March 5th, 1834, to May 19th, 1835, is £363 12*s*. 0½*d*."

In less than two years after the commencement of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution the Orphan Houses were commenced. The beginning was small and insignificant. A private dwelling-house was rented and fitted up for the accommodation of thirty children. On the 2nd of December, 1835, the first actual step was taken, by the printing of bills announcing a public meeting for that day week. Two days before the meeting the first donation of one shilling was given. The meeting was held. There was no collection; but one person gave ten shillings, and a Christian woman offered herself as a teacher. The spirit of joyful trust which has marked the whole movement animated and cheered Mr. Müller at the outset. "I went home," he says, "happy in the Lord, and full of confidence that the matter will come to pass, though only ten shillings have been given." How God has honoured and rewarded the confidence thus cherished, let the following extract from the Twenty-fifth Report of the Institution, published in May last, inform us. The italics are Mr. Müller's own. "*Without any one having been personally applied to for anything* by me, the sum of £190,141 14*s*. 3½*d*. has been given to me for the Orphans, *as the result of prayer to God*, since the commencement of the work; which sum includes the amount received for the Building Fund for the houses already built. It may also be interesting to the reader to know that the total amount which has been given for the other objects, since the commencement of the work, amounts to £77,861 5*s*. 8½*d*.; and that which has come in by the sale of Bibles, since the

commencement, amounts to £3,119 19s. 4½d.; by sale of tracts, £5,983 10s. 8½d.; and by the payments of the children in the day schools, from the commencement, £2,653 15s. 1½d. Besides this, also, a great variety and number of articles of clothing, furniture, provisions, &c., have been given *for the use* of the Orphans."

Here, for the present, our account of this "Bristol Miracle," as some have termed it, must close. Next month we purpose giving a description of the way in which the work is carried on, and examining the principles on which it is based.

YOUR MINISTER: HOW YOU MAY HELP HIM.*

We wish to plead with you on behalf of your minister, and to engage for him your sympathies and help in larger measure than you have ever yet rendered them, however large that measure may have been. But when we plead for him, we really plead with you on your own behalf and on behalf of those you most dearly love.

Your pastor has a great work to do—a work which may well call forth his most vigorous energies, and which he cannot perform aright without much prayer. He has to teach and counsel and comfort you; to build you up in all that is beautiful and strong; to labour that he may present you at last "perfect in Christ Jesus." The good Shepherd sent him, that, as a loving under-shepherd, he might gather those children of yours as lambs into his fold. Nor did he send him for your sakes only, and for the sake of your children; he sent him that he might be a power for extensive and saving good in the place in which you live, and that he might reclaim many wanderers who are now—deaf to the Shepherd's voice—pressing fast down the road to death. No higher work could be committed to the hands of man.

But he will do that work very feebly, and with very small success, if he be left to do it alone. Your help is indispensable. It must be freely and sorrowfully admitted that the cause of many a minister's failure is to be found in his own want of adaptation, or faithfulness, or prudence, or zeal; but it is not less true that ministers, endowed with qualifications for great usefulness, have failed—we will not say entirely, but failed to do a tithe of the good they might have done—for want of the hearty sympathy and co-operation of their people.

Will you, then, help your minister?

You may help him by being always in your place in the house of God. It is plain that he can do you no good unless you attend his ministry. The writer is a minister; and he can say for himself—what he is quite sure numbers of his brethren have often had occasion to say—that he has prepared discourses with an especial view to the spiritual wants of some of his hearers; but when he has looked around him on his congregation, he has been struck with blank disappointment to find that those for whom he had expended so much thought and solicitude were not there. Nor is that

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* From the Evangelical Magazine.

all. Some of the best sermons a preacher ever prepared have fallen flat and powerless through the chilling influence of empty pews. Besides, if your absence is frequent, it cannot be without its influence. Your children will follow your example; perhaps others too. Sickness may sometimes prevent your attendance; but, as a rule, if it be not severe enough to keep you from business on the Saturday and the Monday, do not let it keep you from your place in the Lord's house on the Lord's day. Mr. Jay once remarked, that "Sunday was a very healing day;" for he missed, he said, many of his hearers on the Sabbath, who, when he inquired the reason of their absence, pleaded indisposition, but who were never absent on that account from business during the week. Change may be sometimes needful; but, as a rule, the most profitable Sabbaths will be found to be the Sabbaths spent at home, hearing your own pastor, worshipping with the church to which you belong, praying in your own closet, doing your own Christian work. The proverb is quite as applicable to this as to anything else—"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place."

But it is not enough that you be in your place. There are different kinds of hearers—some whom it is a pleasure to address, others just the reverse. No man's sermons are all equally good. He has very likely done his best; but something occurred during the time of preparation to disturb his mind; or his health was impaired; or the subject did not open out as he expected, and it was too late to turn to something else; and old sermons are not generally liked. Nobody knows so well as he does when the sermon is below the mark. Don't tell him by listless, dissatisfied looks, or by your uneasy postures, that you think it feeble and poor. Listen kindly and respectfully. It is due to him; it is due to yourself. You may, after all, find more in the sermon than you expected; and your kind attention may even do something to make it better. There has been a good deal said lately about reading sermons. No doubt some men preach far better with "the paper" than without it; nay, there are some powerful and useful preachers with whom it is indispensable to their preaching at all. But it is surely not too much to say that, in the great majority of instances, if ministers would cultivate the gift of free speech, they would preach with greater unction and power if they dispensed entirely with their MS.; and in their hearts, numbers who read their sermons believe that. Why, then, do they read? Because they have the impression that some of their hearers are so critical, that the slightest infelicity of expression, or the slightest inaccuracy, would be observed and censured. Put your minister at ease on that score. Give him to understand that you don't go to God's house to have your ear pleased with the music of a faultless style, but to have your soul stirred by earnest thoughts; and that you will gladly pass by any little ruggedness of expression, and even an occasional blunder, if he will only speak to you from the fulness of his heart. By-and-by you may find that you will have very little in these respects to excuse. Yet, after all, if he should say, "I can preach better with my MS.," let him do as he likes: he is the best judge of his own powers.

Help your minister by praying for him. How earnestly the apostle

Paul implored the prayers of even the lowliest of his brethren! Surely not less does your pastor need your prayers, but even more. Pray for him, then, not only in the prayer-meeting, but in your closet; and let him be frequently remembered in the prayers of the household. It will prepare your own heart to receive his word; it will bring down upon him God's blessing; and just in proportion to the degree in which he himself is blessed, will he become a blessing to all who hear him. "Our minister's hands seem to droop," you may sometimes have occasion to say; "his word lacks its accustomed power; conversions are few: what can be the reason?" The cause may be in himself; but it may be for want of your prayers. Plead for him more earnestly, and "without ceasing;" and ere long you may have to rejoice in more than the old power, and in a larger success than his ministry has ever known.

"I wonder why God prolongs my life," said an old lady to her pastor; "I am of no use now." "Don't say that," the pastor replied; "I find you every Sabbath in your pew, when it is possible for you to be there; and that helps me: you listen attentively, and sometimes I see a tear in your eye; and that helps me: and I know you pray for me; and that helps me greatly. Do not say you are of no use."

Help your minister by speaking well of him and his work. We do not wish you to utter one word of undue praise, or to commend him for gifts and excellencies which he does not possess. Let all you say of him be strictly true. But let there be no carping, fault-finding criticism. Be especially careful what you say in the presence of your children. Many a faithful minister's influence over young people has been marred by the cynical discussion, in their presence, of his personal failings or the deficiencies of his sermons. A single depreciatory remark has too often dissipated the impression of a powerful discourse, which had sent the youthful hearer home thoughtful and in tears.

Help your minister by inviting others to attend his ministry. Don't try to increase his congregation by inducing any to join it who are already hearers of a faithful pastor. Let there be no sheep-stealing. But how many are there who are wandering "as sheep without a shepherd," whom you might greatly bless by inducing them to go with you to the house of God! Mr. Sherman once stated that one person belonging to his church had made it his business to go out into the streets before the hour of service and invite stragglers to go with him to Surrey Chapel; and that there were not less than fifty persons whom he had thus invited who had become regular hearers in that place of worship, and, if we remember rightly, members of the church as well. It was through the invitation of a lady, who found him loitering in the street, that John Williams was induced to go to the Tabernacle, and God's Word that very night found its way with power to his heart. Organized plans have been devised for this purpose, and you may be able to assist in carrying them out; but, if not, how many opportunities may you find of inviting others to the house of prayer! The complaint is sometimes made—not always, we fear, without reason—that when strangers do appear in our places of worship, their reception is so chilling as to give them but little encouragement to return. Welcome

them heartily; open the door of your pew; show them all courteous attention, though they be ever so poor, and tell them how glad you will be to see them again. Thus encourage them to say, "I will go there again, for it is like being at home."

Your minister needs further help. There is work to be done for which you are fitted, and which you ought not to decline. A Christian church may be compared to a nursery, in which the plants of grace are training for the paradise above; to a home in which loving brethren meet; to a school for the education of Christ's disciples: but is it not also a camp from which the soldiers of the Cross should look out on an evil world which they are to win back for Christ? Are you, think you, to sit comfortably on Sundays in your cushioned pew, and to seek for spiritual edification and comfort by reading good books in your pleasant parlour at home, and to think that nothing more is needed? Do you expect your pastor to do everything? Is not that like a regiment of soldiers, who, piling their arms, should throw themselves on the grass and say to their officers, "Now, we will see how well you will fight"? No, no! you must find a place in the battle, and acquit yourself like a good soldier. Surely there is work for you in the Sunday school, in tract distribution, in district visitation, or in the efficient maintenance of one or more of other agencies which exist in connection with your church. For the sake of your minister, but still more for the love of Jesus and for the love of souls, find for yourself a place of earnest prayerful work, and labour in it with all your might.

If you thus uphold the hands and encourage the heart of your pastor—doing at the same time your utmost to induce all who are associated with you to help him in like manner—there is no telling the good which you and he may accomplish together. The prayerful resolve of a united people to do all this would be of itself the earnest of true prosperity.

MY CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

MATTHEW XXV. 40.

WALKING homeward in the twilight of a bright first Sunday in December, I was overtaken by a man whom I at first supposed to be a stranger, but whom I afterwards recognized as a person whose cough had more than once interrupted my meditations that afternoon, at the Lord's table. There was nothing remarkable in the outward appearance of my fellow-communicant, except his paleness and his evident poverty. He was dressed in a suit which had probably been his best for a dozen years or more, and on his face was written that solemn, but, to the Christian, neither *dreadful* nor unwelcome sentence—"Doomed to die!"

As he stood before me, striving vainly to repress his cough and explain his errand, something very like pity stirred within my breast, and I gave him time. For a few minutes we thus faced each other; then he spoke, and, to my surprise, it was to ask if I had lost anything. In a moment, my hand was in my pocket: I was minus my purse!

"Here it is, then," exclaimed the worthy fellow as he opened his hand, "only a little one, sir, but, by the feel of it, too heavy to lose!"

I took it eagerly. "There is indeed more here than I should like to spare," I remarked, as I looked within, "and you must allow me——"

He drew back, wounded. He had never thought of such a thing, and hoped I would pardon him if he declined to receive the half-sovereign which, with a significant, and, as I now think, uncourteous glance at his thread-bare garments, I pressed upon him.

"I am poor," he said, "as you see; but I sat with you, sir, at the Lord's table, half-an-hour ago, and—*we are brothers!*"

As he made this assertion, poor John Raynor, the shoemaker,—such, as I afterwards learned, were his name and occupation,—brushed away a tear. As for myself, I was taken by surprise. That the poorer members of Christ's church are the brethren of those who stand above them in worldly station, as well as of Christians in their own humble rank, was a truth which I had often recognized *in theory;* but I thought it unbecoming, and even rude, in a man wearing such a coat and hat as those now before me, to come forward, all unasked, and call me "brother!" It was presumption, and must not be encouraged. Was I not—though at present only a "buyer" in a Manchester warehouse—descended from one of the oldest southern families? Were not my prospects such as to encourage me to look forward to a career of great honour and dignity? Was it unreasonable to suppose that, before ten years had passed, I should drive in my carriage through the very street in which a common artisan now called me "brother"?

Such were the absurd thoughts that chased each other through my mind, as I paused before replying to the poor man's simple words. Looking back now, I can scarcely believe that a heart having in it even the smallest grain of love to Christ could have been so proud and cold. But the fact was that I had lost the freshness and the ardour of my first devotion to the Redeemer, and was fast sinking into a state neither cold nor hot. I had suffered the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches to choke the word, and render it unfruitful; and I was seriously angry with poor Raynor, though, for reasons into which I need not enter here, I tried not to show it. It was true that we had taken the Lord's Supper together that afternoon, and that I expected to meet him at last in heaven,—but, I asked, was I, therefore, obliged to take his hand in mine, and propose an exchange of visits? Impossible!

You will see from all this that I had not yet discovered the true secret of profitable Christian intercourse; also, that I was by no means in possession of that dignity which enables the Christlike soul to mix affectionately and respectfully with its "brothers" of every degree. Ignorance and presumption had, in fact, built a wall between my heart and the light of God which only a strong assault of the Holy Ghost could overthrow. Did I wish that assault to be made? By no means;—I admired the wall exceedingly, thought it a masterpiece of architecture, and, with amazing self-complacency, got behind it on occasions like the present, doubtless to the great satisfaction of my adversary—the devil.

Are you amazed, reader, at these confessions? and do you think me a very black sheep indeed? Alas, alas, that there are many such—if we may judge by a line of action speaking louder than words—amongst those who profess to love Christ and one another!

"We are brothers!" I had been so long silent that my new friend repeated the obnoxious phrase, as if to remind me of the subject now in hand.

"Ah, yes; we know all about that! but the question is—Can I do nothing for you in return for your honesty?"

He drew back once more, and this time with indignation, as he answered, "Nothing; except think of me as a fellow-Christian, who no more looks to be rewarded *for not stealing*, than yourself!"

It was a severe rebuke, but, as I now think, well-deserved. For a moment our eyes met: then we separated, on my part with anger, and on his with self-reproach; for, as he told me subsequently, he had no sooner said the words than he began to fear that pride, and not self-respect, had dictated them.

Some three weeks went by, during which I saw nothing of Raynor, whose ordinary seat was in that inferior region—the gallery. Christmas Eve found me lonely and dejected. For the first time in my life I was to spend this season of family gatherings alone. I did not like it, but, for business-reasons, I had thought it necessary to stay in Manchester. Not one of all my numerous friends could be spared to visit me, and I was more dull than I cared to confess, even to my landlady, as I sat in my easy chair, cracking filberts and staring at the fire, that stormy evening.

It was, if I remember rightly, somewhere about nine o'clock, when "a middle-sized, pale-faced man," as my landlady described him, gave a timid knock at the hall-door, and asked leave to see me. By the sound of his cough, I at once guessed that this was Raynor. He was shown up, and once more we met face to face. With great modesty and some hesitation, the poor man explained his errand. His little daughter—he was a widower with one child—was in what he called "a galloping consumption," and "hankered after grapes." So he had ventured to come and ask for a few, "because," as he said with a husky voice, he "could not bear to see her pining!"

His humility was so great that it shamed me into answering gently. When he had taken some grapes that were on the sideboard, and had placed them in a bag which I found for him, he turned to thank me.

"It is nothing," said I. "You are still my creditor. Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"Sir, there *is* one thing," he replied. "I spoke too hastily that Sunday afternoon. Will you forgive me?"

"My good fellow, I have nothing to forgive. For aught I know, I was more in the wrong than you; in fact, I have thought so more than once since then, not altogether without self-reproach."

"I have prayed for you, sir, ever since," said Raynor, with a simplicity that became him well, "and the child talks every day about the gentleman who lost his purse; for we both got a notion, sir, if you'll excuse my saying so, that you were not happy."

"I, *not happy*! You mistake!"

"Well, perhaps I did, sir; but that's just what made us pray for you," said John Raynor.

"I see, I see. You are very kind, I am sure. Merry Christmas to you," in a lighter tone, "and good night!"

"The same to you, sir, and many thanks. Good night!"

He was gone, but his words remained to create a vague disquiet in my breast. I, *not happy*! Was it possible? Yes; and, deny it as I might, it was *true*. I *was* unhappy. Was it because I was so lonely? That was something, but the root of the matter lay deeper. I was *proud*, and "God resisteth the proud." As I sat in that quiet room, a large doubt concerning the wisdom of my manner of life assailed my soul. That doubt drove me to my knees, and from my knees I arose, thank God! a wiser man.

Next morning, as the sun shone brightly, and as I had nothing else to do, I went off for a walk in the country. It was dull work, or so it seemed to me, to tramp alone, on Christmas Day, through Plymouth Grove, and along the Stock-

port Road, without meeting a single creature who cared for me, without passing by a single house in which I could claim a seat by the Christmas fire, or a share of the Christmas dinner; and with the consciousness that within a day's journey of Manchester there was a cluster of picturesque and hospitable villas, in every one of which I might, without risk of offence, have invited myself to partake of beef and pudding.

"If it had not been for my ridiculous devotion to pounds, shillings, and pence," I remarked within myself, "I should have been down amongst them all, instead of moping here, with 'None who bless me, none whom I can bless!'"

As I thus altered a line of Lord Byron's to suit my purpose, I saw before me, at the gate of a pleasant-looking house in Plymouth Grove, a thin man, in a thread-bare suit of black, who, bearing a child six or seven years old in his arms, was enjoying the evident delight with which the little one observed the airs and graces of a very small Shetland pony which a groom led slowly up and down. No sooner did my eye rest upon John Raynor—for it was he—than I began to connect him with my quotation. "None to bless me"! here was my poor brother overflowing with love because he thought I was unhappy! "None whom I could bless"! here were two suffering ones, very dear to my Lord and Master, for whom I might, if I *would*, make that Christmas Day a gleam of more than earthly sunshine, an oasis in the desert of their poverty, and a foretaste of the rest that is in heaven. *Should I do it?* That was the question! True, I was wiser to-day than yesterday; but, for all that, I was somewhat startled by the idea of receiving, as a parlour guest, a man so far beneath me in position, as this shoemaker. Yet Peter the fisherman, Paul the tent-maker,—greatest of all, Jesus Christ the carpenter,—were *working men!*

Five minutes had gone by, the Shetland pony had disappeared, and John Raynor had resumed his walk, before I found courage to break through my barrier of reserve, and devote myself to the pleasant task of ministering, for Christ's sake, to my poor "brother" and his child. But, at last, striding up to him, I said abruptly, "Good morning, Raynor. Will you dine with me at two o'clock?"

He was astonished, as well he might be, both by the purport of my speech and by its suddenness, but he only said, "Thank you, sir, if you mean it; but, the child?"

"Oh, I mean the child too, of course. What's your name, little maiden?"

"Bessie; isn't it, father?" replied the sick child, with her arms around his neck.

He nodded, and, at the same time, whispered something in her ear which made her clap her hands and kiss him joyfully. Then we settled down into a quiet but happy trio, walking steadily towards Longsight, and returning through Victoria Park to our two o'clock dinner.

Great was the surprise of Mrs. Ross, my landlady, when she discovered that I had brought home "two poor people" to share my pudding. But I explained that "Mr. Raynor," as I took care to call him, was a member of the church at —— Street, and she was satisfied. As for little Bessie, it was impossible to regard *her* as an intruder, for she was one of those children who, at first sight, win the heart; and very soon she was lying upon a couch beside the fire in my snug and cheerful sitting-room, while her father, resting in an easy chair just opposite, looked "the picture," as Mrs. Ross said afterwards, "of enjoyment." As I sat between the pair, my eyes grew dim. By another Christmas they would be in heaven! What were all the distinctions of mere rank in the light of such a thought as that?

We were all very quiet until dinner was served, and then the little maiden and her host grew merry, and the father smiled to hear their talk. When we

again drew near the fire, I cracked nuts and told stories as I had been wont to do for my sisters at home,—where, be it known to you, reader, I was accounted to be a right good fellow!—until my new *protégée* fell asleep upon her pillow. Then we two elders drew nearer to each other, and talked of that mysterious and yet most beautiful word concerning these little ones: "For I say unto you, that in heaven *their angels do alway behold the face of my Father who is in heaven.*"

Their angels! we spoke of these with bated breath. Who could tell what bright forms might be hovering around that child as she lay asleep?

"She is one of the Saviour's lambs, sir," said her father, as he tenderly arranged the plaid which served as a coverlet for his little one. "You should hear her talk about her mother, and about heaven! Often, when I've been weak in faith and disposed to murmur, God has put words into the mouth of my child that made me blush for shame. And it will not be long before she goes up yonder. Nor long, I think," he added softly, "before I follow."

John Raynor said this with a smile, for to be with Christ, as he said afterwards, "is far better." Ah, how much beyond me in faith and hope—above all, in love to God and man—was my once despised "poor brother"!

Six o'clock came, and with it what my sisters would have called a "cosy" tea; nine o'clock, and an equally cosy little supper. Between these two we had much talk over books and pictures, winding up with domestic worship; and at ten o'clock my two guests went home in a cab which I took care to provide for their accommodation. They were "loaded," or thought they were, with Christmas gifts. Even Mrs. Ross had made Bessie a parting present, and I managed so that a basket, containing fruit and sundry jars of jam and jelly, should be placed in the front seat of the vehicle, as the child, looking up into my face for a parting kiss, said, in her quaint, old-fashioned way, "Good night, sir; and thank you for all your love to me and father!"

For all my love? As the sound of wheels died away, I went back into my room with those words still in my ears. Had I then loved them? Better still, had I *proved* my love by a consistent and, to some extent, unselfish course of action? What a new world seemed to open to me in that moment! What a step out of darkness had I been led to take in that happy and never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Day! It was something to have gained two friends; it was more to have gained a victory over self, and over the pride which despises the poor, and refuses to recognize practically, as true friends and brothers, those for whom, as well as for their "superiors" in worldly station, Jesus died.

I have said that I gained two friends in that pleasant time. They are in heaven now, and I shall see them, on this side of Death, no more. But not the less are they my friends—beloved and honoured. I shall meet them again in yonder world, where, like Jesus, they expect my coming. "I go to prepare a place for you," says Christ to each soul that loves him; and can we doubt that they who have "gone before" know full well that he thus "prepares a place" for them that follow? Such, at least, is my faith, and, in its exercise, I look forward to a time when He, who taught me what to do on that Christmas Day, shall in his mercy point to those to whom it was my privilege to minister, saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these *my brethren*, ye have done it unto *me*."

Reviews.

The Redeemer. Discourses by EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D. With Introduction by WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THE younger De Pressensé has here given us a volume which recalls the palmy days of French preaching; with all the advantage, on the modern side, of an evangelical Protestantism. The idea of the work is admirable. The GOSPEL is more than a doctrine. It is a Divine manifestation, complete in all its parts: designed in the beginning, foreshadowed in the prophecy of Eden, carried on through the long history of the world, consummated in the sacrifice on Calvary, and crowned by the royalty of heaven. Hence, the topics of discourse are: "The Fall and the Promise;" "The Preparation for the Coming of Jesus Christ—(1) before Judaism, (2) in Judaism, and (3) in Paganism;" "The Nature of Jesus Christ, the God-man;" "The Plan of Jesus Christ;" "The Holiness of Jesus Christ;" "Jesus Christ a Prophet—(1) the teaching of Jesus Christ, (2) the apology of Jesus Christ (or, as we should say, the evidence of his claims) in Scripture, miracles, internal proof;" "Jesus Christ a Sacrifice—(1) the early part of his ministry, or his manifestation to the world, (2) the agony and the cross;" and, lastly, "Jesus Christ a King." The outline may not be very new, but it brings into clear relief the truth, now more than ever important to be remembered, that faith in the Gospel is not so much the reception of a doctrine about Christ, as the apprehension and reception of Christ himself, the living Redeemer, in whom we know all that we can know of God; and in *every part* of whose work there lies something essential to the salvation of man. To young students, anxious to trace the development of the divine counsels in the redeeming work, we could offer no more suitable gift than Jonathan Edwards's "History of Redemption," together with this book of M. de Pressensé. The glowing rhetoric and brilliant expansiveness of the one, will admirably supplement the calm scriptural fulness of the other.

It will be observed that M. de Pressensé speaks of the preparation for the Gospel as having been carried on, by a divine purpose, among the Gentiles as well as among the Jews. His discussion of this point is among the most important and admirable parts of the work. The author frankly admits that the glimpses of truth which visited the minds of Pagan sages, and lit up with a fitful radiance the murky atmosphere of heathen superstition, were real, though "broken" lights from the eternal splendour. We should like here to extract a passage which strikes us as deeply true:—

"We find in our text traces of a third fact, which confirms still further this grand assertion. We read, in the eighteenth verse, that certain philosophers encountered the apostle. I do not now inquire of what school these philosophers were—I think only of that quality which was common to all; and I say that the mere fact of a search after truth reveals at once the fall and the hope of recovery. The word philosophy sounds ill in Christian ears, because it speaks too often of rebellious thought, and of the pride of reason. Too often, especially since the introduction of Christianity, has human philosophy been among its most active opponents; it has demanded elaborate discussions, where a heart that was right would have been satisfied to believe and obey. It has either insulted Christ, or passed him by in disdainful silence, as having no place in its systems; or else it has sought to make him speak on its side, surreptitiously intruding its own impious principles beneath his divine words. Rarely has it been seen kneeling by the cross, humbly seeking to sound the great mystery of love. But in pagan antiquity the case was quite otherwise. Philosophy was truly then the search after wisdom and truth. It stood in opposition to the religions of its own time, but not to religion in itself considered. It often involved a brave attempt to tear off the veil from the pagan myths, in the hope of arriving at a purer idea of God. The endeavour was indeed fruitless; for, as the apostle has said, these are things that enter not into the heart of man. Philosophy became too frequently the unworthy accomplice of moral corruption, by legitimatizing it. The Sophists were the plague of ancient philosophy! But when we regard it as it is seen in a Socrates, or a Plato, it appears very imperfect truly, very

misty in its results, but very grand in its aspirations. It has not that intractable pride which denies the fall. It recognizes it in the most affecting manner. 'Formerly,' says Plato, 'we enjoyed a ravishing spectacle; we were initiated into mysteries which may be called blessed; and we celebrated them free from the evils and imperfections which afterwards appertained to us—we admired objects perfect, simple, full of calmness and beatitude; and contemplated them in a pure light,—pure also ourselves. Let us be forgiven,' he adds, and we seem to perceive the traces of a tear in his words, 'let us be forgiven for the sad regrets inspired by the remembrance of the sight in which we then rejoiced' (Plato, *Phædrus, or Beauty*). I cite this passage to show that ancient philosophy, in spite of all its wanderings, was not always a rationalistic philosophy, flattering human pride. It preserved, nay, it awakened the conviction of a fall; while its very existence proved that some hope was left to man of one day recovering the truth. It was a flickering torch, to borrow a metaphor from Clement of Alexandria, whose trembling light could not replace the sun; and in this sense we may ask, Where is the wisdom of the wise? But it could reveal the darkness, which was something gained; and by its little ray could excite the desire that the star of the morning might arise. Faith in the immortality of the soul, in moral responsibility, in the good and the just, though insufficient to give peace to the soul, yet developed its higher instincts. In regard to salvation itself, that is to say, to absolute truth, the wisdom of the Greeks, like all human wisdom, was foolishness; but in regard to preparation, it had an important mission. However numerous and deplorable may have been the errors of its systems, we should not the less recognize in them the fact that this search after truth revealed at once the need and the possibility of redemption. Why should that be sought for which was either possessed already, or hopelessly lost? Surely we may say to our fellow-men with Saint Paul, even in the view of the philosophers of the decline—Offspring of God ye are; for if ye had not in your immortal soul a thirst after truth, ye would not make for yourselves so many cisterns, which, though broken and impure, are still evidences of that sacred yearning for the true which consumes you;—offspring of God, but offspring fallen; for if not so, ye would still, as one of your noblest representatives has said, pure yourselves, contemplate in pure light those simple and perfect objects of absolute truth which are full of beauty and calmness! Fall and recovery, sorrow and hope, the desire of salvation, burn on this profane earth—the work of preparation is here carried on" (pp. 108-110).

At the same time, as M. de Pressensé impressively shows, the darkness was not and could not be chased away by *such* illumination. The fitful gleam but proved how necessary was the perfect revelation; and the sense of this necessity, as it grew, became a growing presage of the heavenly dawn.

The discourse on the Divinity of Jesus Christ is of surpassing merit. Much as has been said on this theme, both by way of argument and of illustration, we are yet captivated and impressed by the freshness, as well as by the vigour with which our author has discussed it. To quote would here be almost an injustice, unless we could present the whole of the symmetrical and conclusive argument—an argument "wrought in fire." The intense feeling of Christ's humanity, as well as the deep conviction of his Deity, pervades every paragraph, and brings the great thought of the Incarnation home to our very hearts. "Man has asked," says M. de Pressensé, "nothing less than what God has given; that is to say, a Saviour uniting in himself humanity and divinity." . . . . . "When the true cry of the soul has risen to heaven, that cry has been for a God-man." And again:—"'Make us gods which shall go before us,' said the Israelites to Aaron. This instinctive demand is the motto of all the paganisms of the ancient world. Materialistic on one side, it is true on the other. Man cannot do without a real God, and he will only be able to believe in his real recovery when he shall have seen a God walk before him on his mournful way." Such was the aspiration of humanity; such the longing which in the Gospel we see translated into an accomplished fact. Well does our author demonstrate this; and at the close of his argument we feel that he has a right to say:—

"There are others who deny the divinity of Christ, while still pretending to remain Christians. They should know that their intermediate position is not tenable. It is not in fact intermediate. Their homage to Christ covers a terrible accusation brought against him; they charge him with falsehood and hypocrisy! Is it true or is it not that Christ affirmed his own divinity? If it be clearer than the day that he did profess to be the Son of God, it is equally clear that to deny his divinity is to proclaim him a liar in the face of the world. It avails nothing to say with a certain philosopher: 'The morality of the Gospel touches and penetrates me!' If Jesus Christ was not the Son of God, the Gospel ought to be torn to pieces as an imposture, and Christ spoke falsely through his whole life. He deceived his disciples in the very last night that he passed with them.

He knowingly allowed his adversaries to commit a dreadful crime which he could have prevented by a word. Say no more, then, of his holiness—of his moral purity! Rather say, that in a sense the Jews and Pilate were right in condemning him. But, O Lord, pardon our words; we tremble to utter them. Pardon them, on account of the object we have in view, which is to tear off the veil from those pretended friends of the Gospel who believe that they love thee while they accuse thee of imposture. They may perhaps be alarmed at the thought of the blasphemy hidden under their negative words;—perhaps in the impossibility of recognizing an impostor in the humble Jesus of Nazareth, in the gentle Master, in the victim resigned and merciful even in the hour of his punishment, they will fall at thy feet crying out: If he must have been either a deceiver or a God, we cannot hesitate—yes, this man was a God!

"Let all those who might be tempted to question the divinity of Christ carefully weigh these considerations. Let them be sure that on the day when the church shall find herself assaulted anew on this vital point, even though by the most alluring mysticism, her voice, her great voice, which needs not councils to make itself heard, will resound as it did formerly in the days of Arius or of Socinus. The most terrible excommunication for a doctrine is the shriek of terror and indignation uttered by the church when, wounded in the person of her divine Lord, she cries out like the women of Jerusalem: 'I am seeking my Saviour, and I know not where they have placed him.' Ah! we hope that the old rationalism which is passing away may not re-appear under more specious forms. It would be very soon recognized, and would be really nothing but the dead burying his dead" (pp. 162–164).

Another extract, on a different topic, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving. The whole discourse from which it is taken, "The Teaching of Jesus Christ," is very admirable. It is not often, we are inclined to think, that this topic receives from evangelical Christians the study it deserves. We have sometimes, indeed, felt that a thorough analysis and setting forth of our Lord's method, order, and spirit, as the Teacher sent from God, would be the best manual in the world for all teachers and preachers of Christian truth. The late Dr. Harris's almost forgotten work, "The Great Teacher," inadequately attempted a task like this; and its great popularity showed that a right chord had been struck. But let us listen to the weighty and beautiful words of M. de Pressensé. A part only of his deeply-instructive sketch and its accompanying lessons can be given.

"But Christ had also another motive for not imitating the doctors of his time. To speak from above is to speak from afar. It might be supposed that one would be better heard by being placed at a great distance from one's hearers, and commanding them. But this is a great error. The more simple your words, the more strong they will be; and the more strong, the more sympathetic and appropriate to the wants of your hearers. In proportion as you are raised in the professor's chair, in that proportion you are removed to a distance from souls. Each new step gained increases the space between you and them; your teaching becomes general, abstract, pompous, and without application. Your darts, shot from afar, touch no individual. It is easy, then, to understand how Christ should have left the seat of Moses to the frigid doctors who had nothing to say to poor sinners. He who had a word of eternal life to bring to them,—he would never mount to that seat. He spoke to men mouth to mouth, heart to heart, and he was heard by them. And let it be well understood that if the Christian testimony is so often robbed of its primitive force, it is because it has been placed anew upon that fatal height, in a sense between heaven and earth. All conceivable methods have been employed to show clearly that it has an exceptional character. The very symbols have been used that are most adapted to cherish this miserable prejudice in the minds of Christian people. The witness to the truth has been wrapped in a solemn dress for worship, as if to invite him to envelop his instructions in a similar vestment. Academic language has superseded the manly and telling accents of strong conviction. From the cold heights of religious discourse to the soul of the listeners, the distance has become so great that the Christian sentiments, issuing warm, perhaps, from the orator's mind, have had time to grow cold again. Let the preacher renounce for ever that elevation which isolates him thus; let him imitate the Saviour; let him speak rather than preach; let him be felt to be a companion in conflict and in suffering instead of a master and a professor. For him, as for Jesus Christ, the secret of power is in simplicity. And when I speak of simplicity I do not mean negligence. A true and noble simplicity is obtained at the price of greater labour of thought and soul, and more concentrated meditation than is required for brilliancy of style. It is more difficult to convey the fundamental substance of Christianity than it is to multiply forms of oratory. In this respect, as in all others, let us be the disciples of Christ,—learning from him the humility of the Christian testimony, which is the pledge of its real authority. Let us tear up our phylacteries as we think of so many souls needing true consolation; let us cease to speak in foreign tongues, and descend for ever from the seat of Moses,—or in other words, abandon our cold solemnity and our priestly eloquence" (pp. 238–240).

Dr. W. L. Alexander, in his editorial preface, has found it necessary to give

a word of caution as to M. de Pressensé's presumed theological deficiencies. We confess that we think this caveat to have been hardly necessary; especially as Dr. Alexander has called attention to the fact that the work is not a scientific treatise, but a series of popular addresses. In a theological manual we might desire more *rigour* of statement; we could hardly have more *clearness*. The references, again, which our author makes to the Sabbath and to the Lord's day, Dr. Alexander does not approve; adding, with a singular appreciation of a translator's duty, "I could have wished this part of the book had been deleted." We have carefully examined the passage to which exception has been taken, and find in it nothing worse than that, in M. de Pressensé's opinion, the Lord's day is not the Sabbath. "Sabbatarianism," he says in a note, "is foreign alike from Christian antiquity and from the Reformation, and, by Judaizing the Sunday, changes the nature of this holy and beautiful festival." Dr. Alexander knows ecclesiastical history well enough to be aware that the former part of this assertion is strictly true; while he is right at least in regarding the latter part of it as too unguarded, and as ignoring the fact, that the seventh day's rest is older than Judaism and coeval with creation. We must, however, think that the use of the word "Sabbath" for "Sunday," so common in Scotland, tends to identify in the popular mind the Christian with the Jewish festival, and to hinder the exercise of Christian liberty in determining the mode of its observance.

The book, we should add, is translated by a lady who declines to give her name, and is most excellently rendered into flowing and readable English.

The Genius of the Gospel: a Homiletical Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. By DAVID THOMAS, D.D. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM WEBSTER, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

WE are not quite clear why a volume of sermons on the Gospel by Matthew should be introduced by a sounding title like the above. Still less do we perceive the fitness of asking a cool verbal critic like the senior editor of "Webster and Wilkinson's Greek Testament" to introduce to the world a book so eminently rhetorical. For both of these things there may, perhaps, be some occult reason; but we at any rate can only treat the work as a collection of "studies" of the evangelic history, made by one who is rather an artist than an analyst, and much more of a rhetorician than a critic. Of *explanation*, properly so called, there is but little. No student of Matthew's Gospel will find his knowledge of it much increased; but the preacher will mark much that is suggestive, as well as admirable, in the ability with which the thought of a passage is told off into symmetrical divisions, each with its skilfully-expressed "head." This always tells well in sermons; although, when the same kind of thing continually recurs through a bulky volume, the effect is a little monotonous. Thus, the Parable of the Sower occasions the following reflections:—first, "That there is a constitutional affinity subsisting between man's soul and God's Word;" secondly, "That notwithstanding this affinity, they are often found existing in a state of separation from each other;" thirdly, "That there is an agency in operation to bring the two into a right connexion;" and, fourthly, "That the connexion which the agency forms between God's Word and human souls is of various kinds." Then, in Dr. Thomas's characteristic manner we have the kinds of this connexion discriminated as follows:—"1, the connexion of the Word with the unthinking soul; 2, the connexion of the Word with the sentimentally-interested soul; 3, the connexion of the Word with the world-divided soul; and, 4, the connexion of the Word with the true-hearted soul." This is all very neat, and in a certain sense appropriate, though we wonder if it ever occurs to preachers who write in this fashion that such English sentences are never found except in heads of sermons, and could by no possibility be produced save for such a purpose! In like manner, to take another sketch from the same chapter, the Parable of the Leaven, we are to learn:—"1, that Christianity is an imported power; 2, that Christianity is a hidden power; 3, that Christianity is an assimilating power; 4, that Christianity is a diffusive power." Very

good again; only we begin to see the trick of style. Once more, as a more ambitious example, we take the discourse on entering the kingdom of heaven like a little child, in which the heads are these:—"1, Child-likeness is necessary as an introduction to the sphere of true greatness; 2, Child-likeness determines the degree of elevation in the realm of true greatness; 3, Child-likeness identifies our existence with the Prince of true greatness." The artificiality with which ordinary thoughts are invested is now plain. Further, the sermon on Christ receiving the little children is divided thus:—"1, the picture of godly parents; 2, the picture of narrow religionists; 3, the picture of a loving Christ; 4, the picture of a beautiful heaven." Here we have something more serious to object than the strained style of division. Does the preacher really believe that "the kingdom of heaven" in his text means the celestial world? It is too clear that the very sense of the passage has been sacrificed to external symmetry of arrangement. In another sermon, that upon the alabaster box of ointment, a similar result is obtained at the expense of utter vagueness of characterization. Mary's unique act is taken only as descriptive of "genuine excellence," and we have these heads:—"1, genuine excellence devotionally employed; 2, genuine excellence unjustly censured; 3, genuine excellence divinely vindicated; 4, genuine excellence immortally honoured." It will be by this time quite clear that we have in many of these sermons a mannerism which is not difficult of imitation, and which helps greatly in the art of saying very little in an imposing way. Then if we turn from the outlines of these discourses to their filling up, we find the same resonance and glitter of style, often covering mere common-place, though here and there may be found paragraphs of solemn and touching earnestness, gleams of a true genius expressing itself with sweet simplicity. But soon the stilted style prevails. We may take, for instance, the following successive clauses in the discourse on "Christ and Little Children:"—

"An infant to the eye of Christ was an object of stupendous importance; a subject of immeasurable potentialities; a life for endless development and wondrous destinies. *He saw the oak in the acorn, the waving harvest in the little seed.* An infant to him was an archangel or arch-fiend, in embryo."

The sentence we have italicised is a perfect picture. But what of the other two? The same thought, perhaps, is in all three; but in the first how turgid the expression; in the last how revolting and even untrue!

A multitude of good things, we gladly add, there are in the volume. We note especially its fine practical tone. There is throughout a deep discernment of truth and goodness, with a hearty sympathy with everything noble in character. Its ethical value is very great—greater, in fact, than its doctrinal; for the sermons on Christ's death and resurrection are theologically very weak, being confined in the main to subordinate particulars, without anything like a full statement of the great purpose of that Sacrifice and that Victory.

On the whole, we are far from satisfied with the book. Had its able author sought only to produce *sermons*, he would, doubtless, have given his readers fewer than one hundred and twenty; and would have worked out his topics at once more fully and less artificially; or had he attempted an *exposition* solely, he would have refrained from torturing the simple narrative into the quaint or ungraceful forms of a rhetorical arrangement. The combination of the two was, we think, a grave mistake; and the fragmentary form in which many of the discourses are given only adds to the sense of incompleteness and of weariness with which we close the volume.

The New Birth. By CHARLES STOVEL. London: Elliot Stock.

NONE of our readers need to be informed that what Mr. Stovel writes is well worth reading, and we shall not, therefore, be guilty of the impertinence of trying to produce this conviction in the minds of any. The subject of the pamphlet before us is one of the highest importance, not only because of its vital position in the Christian system, but also because of the errors which have ever prevailed respecting it,—errors which are at the basis of the controversy now raging between the

sacramentalists on the one side, and the supporters of evangelical truth on the other. It is a subject, moreover, well adapted to the writer's order of mind, and Mr. Stovel has handled it with his usual power of analysis—we had almost said dissection. The analogies between the natural birth and the new birth are drawn with unusual precision, and are applied with great force, sometimes even with great beauty. The only fault here is in an occasional over-plainness of allusion to subjects which are, in general, only very delicately hinted at. Mr. Stovel speaks manfully against the sacramental errors of the day, and there is no doubt he had his eye upon the present baptismal controversy. We should have been pleased, however, if his allusions had been more direct and distinct; there are numbers of obtuse persons who will miss the point. We thank Mr. Stovel for his pamphlet, and hand it over to our readers for their pleasure and edification.

Christian Cabinet.

LITTLE CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

In a select religious circle of ladies and gentlemen the conversation turned upon heaven as the home of the Christian. After an exchange of views upon various questions relating to the place, the society, and the employments, it was proposed that every one present should mention, briefly, the particular element of blessedness which made heaven to him or her especially interesting and desirable. The suggestion was readily accepted, for every one was confident of ability to respond, being conscious of an expectation that included one prominent object of desire. As all concurred in regarding the presence of the Saviour as the primary joy, it was agreed that the statements should be confined to what every one considered as the highest secondary joy of that happy realm. All were attentive.

"I find," said an eminent philanthropist, "especial satisfaction in thinking of heaven as a place of perfect love." A man devoted to science said he was "accustomed to anticipate heaven as a place where knowledge can be easily and rapidly acquired." A third, on whom rested heavy public burdens, declared that he "looked to heaven as a place of rest." A fourth, who had passed years on the judicial bench, said, "Heaven is desirable to me because there all will be obedient to law." A fifth, who had studied largely the evils of a divided church, expressed his preference for the idea that "in heaven is no sectarianism." A sixth, long a physical sufferer, said, "I find comfort in the assurance, 'Neither shall there be any more pain.'" Thus on to the last of the group, a lady in mourning, who gave as her "sweetest thought of heaven, that it would contain so many little children." All were tenderly affected by her answer, and confessed that to them the idea was new, and for the remainder of the evening that element of heavenly bliss was the topic of refreshing conversation.

As we count up the mercies that contribute to the happiness of the present life, are we aware how much depends upon the presence of little children? How illuminated is a home to which a child is introduced! How darkened when that child is removed! "Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord." How invaluable a treasure to any community are its children! How necessary to its comfort! What a power they are in the moral culture of humanity, acting through the affections as checks to vice and as safeguards of virtue! A lover of little children is seldom a bad man. That is ordinarily the happiest society where little children are the most tenderly cared for and the most highly appreciated.

What a desolation was that, when, by the order of Herod, all the little ones in Bethlehem were massacred—"Rachel weeping for her children, and refused to be comforted, because they were not"! A childless city or town! Who would live there? We should

shudder at the thought of living a year in a community where are no young children. We instinctively feel that there an essential element of happiness would be wanting. Well, impenitent reader, there is one place in the universe where a young child never has been, never will be; and yet you are on your way thither! Are you a parent?

There is a tender, beautiful significance in the picture drawn by the prophet Zechariah, of Jerusalem when she should be replenished with inhabitants, and be eminently prosperous. Among the elements of her prosperity should be this:—"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

Who can estimate the number of little children already in the New Jerusalem? One half of all that are born die under five years of age. Since the death of the first, at least fifteen thousand millions have thus been gathered by the Saviour in his Father's house of many mansions. Wonder not that Jesus said, concerning little children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." As to numbers, how true the statement! Wonder not that John saw in glory "a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues." However many may be lost, heaven will assuredly have a large majority of our race.

"Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in."

Of those who have been there thousands of years we cannot speak with certainty as to what they are relatively; but who can show reason why all who enter heaven young may not continue young, and as such be for ever objects of interest to one another and to all the adult inhabitants? This is a question upon which the revealed Word gives no definite information, and on such ground we would step with carefulness. But if we do not misread human consciousness, the heart loves to regard the multitude of little ones collected along the ages and transferred to heaven as yet little ones, making the place interesting by their presence. John, in his vision of the final judgment, saw "the dead, small and great," standing before God. Will there ever be a period when there will be no little children in heaven? Will not all who enter young remain so in perpetuity? This may never be an article of our creed; but it is a cherished idea in the common imagination, and to annihilate it would be a severe shock to the feelings. As our friends pass on before us to that blissful home, do we not ever afterwards think of them as at the same age as when they disappeared from our view? Can we otherwise conceive of them? They have done with the succession of time. All with them is eternity. Is not the period of their earth-life their age for ever? We can conceive of their increase of knowledge—of their advancement in everything that may make them our qualified instructors; but can we think of them as older, in appearance, than when they left us?

The prevailing views as to the recognition of friends in heaven seem to require that there should be this element of their condition. Will your little daughter be so altered as to make an introduction necessary to your knowing her among the happy myriads? You expect to see her, though it may be thirty years hence, still the little one, as young, as small, as interesting, as when Jesus took her out of your arms into his own, and bore her away that he might draw you after her. You may be told that this is fancy; but to you it lacks little of reality; and you would count that man cruel who should throw around your hope a shade of doubtfulness. You part with your little son here for a few years, expecting when next you see him to find him an adult, altered in physical proportions. But no lapse of time can make you think of the little ones whose precious dust you tenderly committed to small graves as men and women in heaven.

An Indian mother, when near her end, replied to all endeavours to prolong her life, "No! no! my four children call me. I see them by the side of the Great Spirit. They stretch out their arms to me, and are astonished that I do not join them."

I hear the tuneful chime
Of spirit voices!—'tis my infant band
Calling the mourner from this darkened land
To joy's unclouded clime.

My beautiful, my blest!
I see them there by the Great Spirit's throne;
With winning words and fond beseeching tone,
They woo me to my rest.

CHRIST SERVING HIS PEOPLE.

THERE is one character in which Christians too seldom think of their divine Redeemer. It is that of a disinterested servant, ever serving our highest interests. We call ourselves Christ's servants. Do we constantly think of him as ours?

At the last supper, we read that Jesus rose from the table and laid aside his robe. He takes a towel, and girds himself after the manner of a waiter in a guest-chamber. Pouring water into a basin, he washes the disciples' feet, and wipes them with the towel wherewith he is girded. After the surprising act of self-humiliation is over, he says to them, "Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord; ye say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you."

Then he tells his disciples for what paltry distinctions the Gentiles and the worldlings crave. But they were to aim at a nobler, sublimer supremacy—the supremacy of disinterested love, and devotion to the wants of others. "Let him who would be chiefest among you become servant of all." The feet of his followers were scarcely dry from the washing he had given them, as he says, "I am among you as he that serveth."

Run your eye, my brother, over the whole earthly career of our blessed Lord, and you will find in it a beautiful illustration of the truth that the loftiest post of honour is the lowliest post of service. Every word, every act, is inspired by disinterested love. He condescends to teach the most ignorant, for they have the deepest need of light. He condescends to feed the hungry poor out of his miraculous basket. He condescends to sit at meat with despised publicans—to heal wayside beggars and outcast lepers, the children of poor heartbroken mothers, and the servants in noblemen's kitchens. More than one fallen woman, whom most parents would have thrust out of doors, he allows to come into the sunshine of his presence, and does not let them go until they are penitent and pardoned. And so all through that three years' pilgrimage of love—instructing the benighted, comforting the afflicted, pardoning the guilty, healing the sick, stooping to wash disciples' feet, and to cleanse their still more polluted hearts—Jesus is everywhere the "servant of all." The years of penitent, self-denying service culminate in the grandest, most stupendous, and sublime service of all—the service of suffering on the cross of Calvary! Oh! self-indulgent Christian, who art unwilling to lift a finger to relieve a fellow-being or undo his burden, look on the wondrous spectacle of an incarnate God stooping to the lowliest offices of love—bearing poverty, and ignominy, and toil—bearing the curse of the broken law—bearing your sins in his bleeding body on the cross—look at this, and hide your selfish head in shame!

Nor did the service of our divine Servant end with the cross and the new tomb in the garden. When he ascended to heaven, he only ascended to new departments of service for us. He ever liveth there to make intercession for his people. He is our "friend at court." He is our Advocate to plead our suit. He hears our complaints, and gives a ready ear to the faintest prayer which the feeblest faith breathes forth in its closet.

Does he not gird himself as with a towel, to wash away our impurities? Not once only, but constantly. One cleansing of a soul at the time of regeneration will no more keep a Christian for ever pure than a single ablution of his face or form would make his body clean for a lifetime. The world soils our souls every day. Each impure thought, each angry word, each act of deceit, each covetous touch of gold, each insincere, unbelieving prayer, each cowardly desertion of duty, leaves an ugly spot. "Create in me a clean heart," is an every hour's prayer for a Christian's whole life. And he who girded a towel about him, and washed his disciples' feet from the dust of Jerusalem's streets, is ever beside us, ready to wash away the moral defilement which our daily walk on the world's highways brings upon our souls.

How many other services too our Saviour is rendering us! When starved on husks, he gives us the bread of life. When faint in spirit, he brings us into his orchard, whose apples of delight

cause our lips to sing. Many an obscure saint in a smoky hovel has yet dwelt in the King's banqueting-house. The holy Rutherford, of Scotland, when in prison for Christ's sake, testified that his prison-cell was "the King's wine-cellar" to his thirsty soul, in which every taste of the divine love only made him more hungry for the "supper-time" in heaven. He says, "I get sweet tastings of my Lord's comforts; but the cause of that is not that our steward, Christ Jesus, is niggard and narrow-hearted, but because our stomachs are so weak, and our souls are narrow; but the great feast is coming, when our hearts shall be enlarged to take in the fulness of the marriage-supper of the Lamb."

Time would fail us to tell in how many ways the loving Jesus serves his people—as their physician, their protector, and their guide through the valley of the death-shade. And one of the great practical teachings of Christ's sublime, self-denying service for us is, that the lowliest post of service is the loftiest post of honour. If Jesus was a servant, who shall be ashamed to serve?

Why is it that so many professed Christians "feel above" undertaking humble work for God and humanity? We have heard of a minister of Christ complaining that his station was "beneath his talents"! As if the soul of a beggar were beneath the genius of a Paul! Some are unwilling to enter a mission-school, or to distribute tracts through a tenement house—strangely forgetting that their divine Master was a colporteur and a missionary. A prayer-meeting, a temperance-meeting, a place even in a church-choir, they count "ungenteel," and "well enough for those who have to go there."

Have such never learned that the towel wherewith Jesus wiped his disciples' feet outshone the purple that wrapped Cæsar's limbs? Do they not know that the post of honour is the post of service? "My seat in the Sunday school is higher than my seat in the senate," said an eminent Christian statesman. When we take the lowliest place of sacred service, we find ourselves in the best society—in the society of mothers serving their children, of patriots serving their country, of pastors serving their flocks, and of One who is ever the gracious servant of his people. Heaven is but a higher sphere of service. For in that realm of unwearying activity and blissful worship we read that "they serve God day and night in his temple; his name is written on their foreheads;" and "they follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth, and he leadeth them to living fountains of water."

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

MARY MORRISON'S MISTAKE.

Mary Morrison was in the main a good sister, though a little impatient, and so rigid in her views of housekeeping that she devoted every moment of her time to some fancied need of work, and seldom spared herself a few moments to other purposes than these. Mary and her brother had lived alone since the death of their widowed mother. The young girl—she was only seventeen—kept the little house as neat as a new pin, as the saying is. She was careful, frugal, and industrious, but she was not gentle and loving. Henry was not strong; he often came home after a day's work flushed and tired out, craving little delicacies which his sister was not thoughtful enough to prepare for him. She never felt sick. The tide of health ran steadily through her veins, and she always declared that Henry was fussy and fanciful.

It would have done one good to go through her neat kitchen, to look into the pantries, where seemed a store of silver, so bright were the tins, where in fact everything shone with the lustre of constant polishing. So it was in every part of the house; the parlour was as bright almost as sunshine; the chambers were immaculate in their purity; the drawers in which were kept her small stores of feminine finery were

spotless; her brother never spoke of a missing button or a broken string; everything was complete in her department; an atmosphere of rigid cleanliness was everywhere observable. I think Mary was proud of her attainments, but it was a pride tainted with the leaven of self. It fretted her to see any little thing misplaced. Her brother declared that he could not feel at home, because it seemed too nice there, and every departure from the strict rule caused him some moments of pain, inflicted by a tongue sharper than she knew.

Insensibly, Mary was falling into habits that threatened to darken her life; to absorb every power and passion of her mind. She was learning to be intensely selfish and harsh, and terrible was the blow that smote the terrible shadow away.

One noon Henry came home with one of his headaches. Now Mary, as she expressed it, hated to have a man about while she was at work; it made her nervous.

"If I'd been you, I'd have stayed till night," she said, with some asperity.

"I couldn't, Mary. You don't know how terribly my head aches."

"Always sick," murmured Mary, moving away. "I'm so tired of it. I do believe he gives up to nothing, like all the men. It seems to me there's no need of it. Why don't I?"

"I'll go upstairs and lie down, Mary," said Henry, with a fainting voice.

"Put your slippers on first," said his sister, "and you had better lie on the couch. Perhaps a little sleep will rest you."

He walked out wearily, and closed the door. Presently his voice was heard, calling her.

"Coming, coming!" replied his sister. "Dear, dear, I must take the cake out of the oven first!" and some minutes elapsed. "O dear! how I have to run when he is at home," she cried; "he's so impatient, and I must always be at his side. Men ought never to be sick, they make so much trouble."

There was no tenderness in the voice that answered the faint queries of the sick man, and yet Mary was neither hard-hearted nor unfeeling. What did she know, in her robust health, of the heart-wearing that continual relapses cause to men even of the strongest wills!

"O dear!" sighed Henry, half childishly, "it seems as if my head never ached as it does now. It's terrible!"

"I've heard you say that a hundred times," said his sister, not in the softest manner.

"But I'm sure it's worse this time. Please pull that curtain down; the least light strikes through my eyes even when they are shut." Mary bustled round, impatiently, and, heedless of the groan that followed, let the blind fall heavily.

"I'm a great deal of trouble," said the sick man, seeing the cloud on his sister's brow.

"O no!" her face cleared a little; "you're fanciful and fidgety, of course; all men are. Men don't know what real sickness is, and so they're frightened at the least pain."

"But this is dreadful," cried the invalid, pressing his closed eyelids more tightly together.

O how he longed to feel some soft hand upon his temples! to hear a voice such as his mother's had been, low and gentle! But his sister had something to do downstairs, and left him. Hours passed. The pulses leaped madly; the eyes grew strained and crossed with veins; the temples fluttered with the throbbing flesh; and strange words came thickly on the stillness of the chamber.

Mary had long been downstairs, and was now preparing supper. She had just laughingly said, in reply to a neighbour's question, concerning Henry,—

"O, going to die, as all young men are, if they happen to cut their finger!" Little she thought how true the prophecy so carelessly uttered. At that moment a burst of wild laughter came harshly down from the room above. Mary stood aghast, as she cried, "What's that?" in a startled voice. Another burst of wild mirth, and Mary hurried upstairs. Henry was talking madly; his eyes were all aflame, and his face had changed frightfully. Now seriously alarmed, she sent immediately for a physician, who expressed some wonder that he had been called at so late an hour. Mary was forced to confess that the symptoms had been unusually severe, but he was so liable to such attacks that she didn't think much

of it. Her heart, however, condemned her. She was conscious that the moans and complaints of her poor sick brother had irritated her to an unusual degree, and that she had borne far from patiently with him. Now she was ready to make all amends. With tears and loving thoughts she hovered over that sick bed, accusing herself—as every wild cry for her rang out, and still there was no consciousness, still he felt not the kind hand, saw not the streaming eyes—of being the cause of all this wretchedness through her selfish neglect.

Tears hot and copious, wild prayers to heaven, sweet and fervent words of love, availed nothing. The death-hour came, and with it consciousness. Arrows could not have pierced that sad heart as did the last words of that dying man:—

"Dearest, you have been a good sister to me."

The meek young face looked calmly white amidst the cerements of the grave, but it was scarcely whiter than the face that bent over it. O, what would that wretched heart have given to recall those cold, careless words that were ringing in her ears at every step! This was the thought that gave anguish unparalleled as her trembling feet led her to his open grave, and she looked her last on the dear manly face that had ever had a smile for her. O, to live with this consciousness! to bear a burden so heavy!—these were to be her punishment.

"If I had only been tender to him that day," she often sobbed as she accused herself; "if I had thought less of my work, and more of his poor, pale face! if I had only kissed the hot brow, and bathed it more carefully! if I had only put down that feeling that I would not humour his fancied indisposition, I would give worlds." But the sorrow, keen and dreadful as it was, has not been without its salutary influence.

Now the sister, left alone, is the welcome visitor at all times by the bedside of the sick. Her gentle voice soothes as the voice of a mother; her hand's touch is like the pressure of velvet; her very sympathy is as the sweetest cordial. And if she is ever tempted to think an impatient thought, or give expression to a selfish wish, there comes up before her the vision of a pale face and a sad smile, and with that rebuke working patience in her heart, she goes about her Master's work.

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

THE LORD OF THE HARVEST.

The most spiritually-minded pastors are often depressed by the thought that they are accomplishing so little for the Master. Week after week the same assemblage of decorous indifferent listeners gather in their respective seats, and when the hour of service is over, walk away apparently as unimpressed as the walls which enclosed them. Yet the truly earnest Christian worker need never yield to discouragement. The seed of truth will fall into good ground often where he least looks for a harvest.

A minister noticed Sabbath after Sabbath a ragged boy take his station in the aisle, and listen with apparently deep attention to the discourse for the day. He had often tried to speak with him, but as soon as the service was ended he seemed to vanish from every one's observation. At last he was missed from his place for several succeeding Sabbaths. One day a miserable-looking man called to ask the pastor to visit his sick boy, who was very anxious to see him. He "was ashamed," he said, "to ask the gentleman to go so far, but the child was so urgent and talked a deal about things he could not understand."

The pastor went through the pouring rain six miles to the wretched house where he was directed, and on entering, found on a bundle of straw his little mysterious hearer, plainly in a dying condition. When he saw the minister his whole face brightened, and, stretching forth his wasted arms, he said, "His own right hand has gotten him victory," and immediately fell back and expired.

An aged minister lay on his death-

spotless; her brother never spoke of a missing button or a broken string; everything was complete in her department; an atmosphere of rigid cleanliness was everywhere observable. I think Mary was proud of her attainments, but it was a pride tainted with the leaven of self. It fretted her to see any little thing misplaced. Her brother declared that he could not feel at home, because it seemed too nice there, and every departure from the strict rule caused him some moments of pain, inflicted by a tongue sharper than she knew.

Insensibly, Mary was falling into habits that threatened to darken her life; to absorb every power and passion of her mind. She was learning to be intensely selfish and harsh, and terrible was the blow that smote the terrible shadow away.

One noon Henry came home with one of his headaches. Now Mary, as she expressed it, hated to have a man about while she was at work; it made her nervous.

"If I'd been you, I'd have stayed till night," she said, with some asperity.

"I couldn't, Mary. You don't know how terribly my head aches."

"Always sick," murmured Mary, moving away. "I'm so tired of it. I do believe he gives up to nothing, like all the men. It seems to me there's no need of it. Why don't I?"

"I'll go upstairs and lie down, Mary," said Henry, with a fainting voice.

"Put your slippers on first," said his sister, "and you had better lie on the couch. Perhaps a little sleep will rest you."

He walked out wearily, and closed the door. Presently his voice was heard, calling her.

"Coming, coming!" replied his sister. "Dear, dear, I must take the cake out of the oven first!" and some minutes elapsed. "O dear! how I have to run when he is at home," she cried; "he's so impatient, and I must always be at his side. Men ought never to be sick, they make so much trouble."

There was no tenderness in the voice that answered the faint queries of the sick man, and yet Mary was neither hard-hearted nor unfeeling. What did she know, in her robust health, of the heart-wearing that continual relapses cause to men even of the strongest wills!

"O dear!" sighed Henry, half childishly, "it seems as if my head never ached as it does now. It's terrible!"

"I've heard you say that a hundred times," said his sister, not in the softest manner.

"But I'm sure it's worse this time. Please pull that curtain down; the least light strikes through my eyes even when they are shut." Mary bustled round, impatiently, and, heedless of the groan that followed, let the blind fall heavily.

"I'm a great deal of trouble," said the sick man, seeing the cloud on his sister's brow.

"O no!" her face cleared a little; "you're fanciful and fidgety, of course; all men are. Men don't know what real sickness is, and so they're frightened at the least pain."

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bed, and his last hours were greatly saddened by the thought that his labours had been so fruitless. Just at that time two persons, whose conversion he least expected, applied for admission to the church, and attributed their conversion to God's blessing on his faithful labours. Some one communicated the happy intelligence to the pastor, whose joy seemed unbounded. With a beaming countenance he repeated the words of good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" and immediately his spirit soared away to the blessed company above in which his soul delighted.

A pious chaplain was once detained by contrary winds at the Isle of Wight, over the Sunday, and there preached a sermon to the inhabitants. It seemed, indeed, bread cast upon the waters; but among the assembled crowd was one gay, thoughtless girl, "who had come to show her fine clothes," into whose heart the word sank deeply. The history of that simple "Dairyman's Daughter" has gone into almost every corner of the earth, and the fruit brought forth from that day's preaching has been many hundredfold.

And so God gives us precious encouragement to sow beside all waters, with prayer and faith in his promises. He will take care of his harvest. It is a blessed thought that he is the Lord of it, and can gather rich sheaves in even the most seemingly unfriendly soil.

THE UNCONVERTED MINISTER.

SEVERAL years ago there lived not far from us a very gifted preacher, who had for a considerable time announced, with great energy and success, the word from the cross, and who, as we may suppose, had his share of enemies. One of his opponents, a man of information, from a distaste of the truth had long ceased to frequent the church. One Sabbath morning he thought he would once more hear the stern man preach. He went to church. The preacher treated of the narrow way, which he made neither smaller nor wider than it is made in the Word of God. During the sermon, the visitor thinks within himself—"How is this? If what the man is saying be the truth, O my God! what will be the consequence?" This thought cleaved to him. Wherever he went he heard the whisper in his heart—"Is it truth or falsehood?" At last he thought of going to the preacher, to ask him, upon his conscience, if he was convinced of the truth of what he had asserted. "Sir," he accosts the preacher, "I was one of your hearers a short time since, when you preached of the only way of salvation. You have disturbed my inward peace, and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly, before God, and upon your conscience, whether you can prove your assertions." The minister replies, with decisive assurance, that he had spoken God's word, and, consequently, infallible truth. "O my God!" exclaimed his visitor, "is it thus? Dear sir, what will become of us?" "*Of us!*" thinks the minister, rather startled; and, repulsing the strange *us* from his heart, he commences expounding to the querist the doctrine of redemption, and exhorts him to repentance and faith. But the latter, as if he had not heard a single syllable the preacher was saying, interrupted him, and with increasing warmth repeats the anxious exclamation: "If it is the truth, dear sir, I pray you what shall we do?" Terrified, the preacher staggers back. "*We*," he thinks—"what means this *we?*" and, striving to conceal the uneasiness and confusion of his heart, he begins anew to explain and exhort. Tears started to the eyes of the visitor, and, clasping his hands like one in despair, he exclaims, with a voice that might have moved the very stones: "Dear sir, if it is the truth, then we are lost!" The preacher stands pale and trembling, and his speech fails him. He casts his eyes to the ground, and then, embracing his visitor, amid sobs, he says: "My friend, down into the dust, and let us pray and wrestle!" They bend their knees, they pray, they embrace each other, and the stranger departs. The preacher locks himself up in his chamber. On the Sabbath following he is indisposed, and unable to appear in the pulpit. The next Sabbath is the same. On the third he appears before the congregation, grief-worn and pale, yet with looks of joy, and commences his sermon with the affecting declaration that it was only *now* that he also had made his way through the narrow gate.—*Dr. Krummacher.*

IMPATIENCE OF GOD'S WAYS.

How often does it happen that even the best of Christians become impatient of what they deem the slow workings of God's providences! If their prayers are not answered at once, how frequently is it the case that they are ready to yield the point, and count God's promises not sure! This trait of human nature was recently strongly illustrated by a child.

A few weeks since, while a large steamer was on her passage down the American lakes with nearly one hundred and fifty passengers on board, one of those fearful accidents occurred which so much endanger the people who go down into the sea in ships. While off Beaver Island, in Lake Michigan, the walking-beam broke, and the huge mass of iron came crushing down through the timbers, making a large hole in the bottom, and the water rushed in with fearful rapidity. Of course, the change being so sudden from apparent safety to imminent danger, there was excitement and confusion on board, when the captain announced that the ship would go down in ten minutes. She was headed for the island, and when five miles out she began to surge and sink, when, lo, as Providence would have it, she struck upon a bar just as the water approached the main deck.

Before this, however, the boats had been lowered. One filled and sank immediately. Another was laden to its gunwales, principally with women and children. From some defect in the rowing apparatus, instead of making towards the island, this boat drifted rapidly to sea. Among those on board was a little girl of some five or six summers, nestling closely to her mother's bosom. As the wind was blowing them off the shore, and all expected to perish, she looked up into her mother's face and said, "Mamma, I won't love God any more. I have prayed to him ever so much to save us, and he hasn't done it, and I am not going to love him any more."

A short time afterwards some fishermen put out from the island in a small sloop. They approached the boat, cast her a line, and soon had her in tow, headed for the island. The little girl was soon aware of the change in their circumstances, and that safety had come to them in the midst of danger. She looked up again and said, "Mamma, I will love God more. He *has* saved us, hasn't he, mamma?"

O ye impatient! wait the coming of God's providences in his own good time, nor count him slack to fulfil his promises, as men reckon slackness. Remember,

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform;
> He plants his footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm."

THE RICH POOR MAN.

At a meeting of the Blackheath Bible Society, in the year 1815, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, of Woolwich, related the following interesting facts:—"More than twelve months ago, I visited a man deeply afflicted. On entering the cottage I found him alone, his wife having gone to procure him milk from a neighbour. I was startled by the sight of a pale, emaciated man—a living image of death, fastened upright in his chair, by a rude mechanism of cords and belts hanging from the ceiling. He was totally unable to move either hand or foot, having been more than forty years entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, yet the whole time suffering extreme anguish from swellings in all his joints. As soon as I recovered a little from my surprise at seeing so pitiful an object, I asked, 'Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?' 'No, sir,' replied he, in a touching, feeling tone of mild resignation (nothing but his lips and eyes moved while he spake), 'I am not alone, for God is with me.' On advancing, I soon discovered the secret of his striking declaration: for his wife had left him on his knees, propped with a cushion formed for the purpose, a Bible lying open at a favourite portion of the Psalms of David. I sat down by him, and conversed with him. On ascertaining that he had but a small weekly allowance certain, I inquired how the remainder of his wants were supplied. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'tis true, as you say, seven shillings a week would never support us; but when it is gone, I rely upon the promise contained in this book: 'His bread shall be given him; his water shall be sure,' and I have never been disappointed yet; and so long as God is faithful to his word I never shall.' I asked him if he ever felt

tempted to repine under the pressure of so long-continued and heavy calamity. 'Not for the last three years,' said he; 'blessed be God for it:' the eye of faith sparkling and giving life to his pallid countenance while he made the declaration: 'for I have learned from this book in whom to believe; and though I am aware of my weakness and unworthiness, I am persuaded that he will not leave me, nor forsake me. And so it is often, when my lips are closed with lock-jaw, and I cannot speak to the glory of God, he enables me to sing his praises in my heart.'"

"Gladly," said Dr. Gregory, "would I sink into the obscurity of this cottage—gladly even would I languish in the same chair—could I but enjoy the same uninterrupted communion with God—be always filled with the same strong consolation, and constantly behold, with equally vivid perception, the same celestial crown sparkling before me."

A Page for the Young.

THE LITTLE RAIN-DROP.

What a little thing a drop of water is! And yet all the little drops put together make the nice soft rain, which pours down on the thirsty ground.

Now, you can be like those little rain-drops. You can do good to others. You can cheer and refresh those around you. You can comfort somebody. You can help to send showers of blessing where they are needed.

"But I am so young and so poor," you say; "I don't think I can be of any use in the world." Oh, yes, you can. Only, you must not expect to do something very great and very grand. You must be willing to do little things. One rain-drop, you know, cannot water the whole field; but it can wet a tiny rose-leaf, or glisten on a blade of grass. So, though you cannot be ministers or missionaries to preach to people, either here or abroad, you can read a chapter to a blind man, or go on an errand for a poor woman, or carry some trifle to a sick child, or put a penny into the missionary box. When any one is in trouble you can try to relieve them. When any one is suffering you can feel for them, and pity them.

A lady, who was ill and dying, was surrounded by many comforts. She had many presents of jelly and fruits sent to her by friends. But there was a bunch of flowers in a vase at her side which she seemed to prize more than all. "That," she said to a visitor, "is the most gratifying gift I have received during my illness. It was brought me by a little girl." She took it in her trembling hand, and smelt it, and looked at it until she was too weary to hold it any longer. It was the last thing she noticed before she went to that happy land where there are "never-withering flowers."

Was not that little girl's visit to the sick-room, soft, and gentle, and refreshing as that of a little rain-drop? She had not much to give; but how welcome her nosegay was there! Cannot you do as much as she did?

Oh! there are so many ways in which you may show "little kindnesses" to others. But then, if you would make those around you happy, you must be ready to deny yourself, and you must often give up your own wishes. The little rain-drop does not live for itself. It has nothing to gain by coming down from the clouds. But it flings its tiny moisture with gladness on the flower or on the tree; on the mountain or in the valley; on the city's crowded streets, or on the green lanes of the country. It is willing to go anywhere.

Are you trying to be thus unselfish and useful? or are you keeping all your nice things to yourself; hiding the talents with which God has trusted you, instead of employing them for his glory and the good of other people? Oh! you must not do so; you must be a bright, sparkling little rain-drop; trying to gladden some dull home, or to soften some hard heart.

Such a rain-drop is little Mary. She was told one day of a poor woman,

eighty-six years of age, who lived by herself in a garret, and had nothing to live upon except what was given her. "Oh! mother," said the little girl, "please let me carry her over some dinner every day; we have always so much left, much more than she could eat." She begged so earnestly, that her mother consented; and now little Mary, each day after dinner, carries a basket, with good wholesome food in it, to the poor woman; and many an apple or pear of her own are slipped into the basket as well. Sometimes she takes the Bible, and reads her some chapters; for the poor woman is almost blind, and it comforts her much to hear the blessed word of life. Sometimes Mary takes her doll's frocks, and sits down by her and works, and chats merely to amuse her.

Mary is but eight years old. Some of you have, perhaps, thought that you were not old enough yet to do anything for the poor. But is there no poor woman or hungry child to whom you can give a part of the food which you have, or whom you can help in some other way? Can you not be a little rain-drop?

It is the number of little drops joined together that form the shower. Job says, God "maketh small the drops of water; they pour down rain" (Job xxxvi. 27). Yes; that is just how it is. All the rain in the world is only a collection of *drops*. When you read about the thousands and thousands of pounds that are subscribed to some benevolent society, it seems to you a great deal of money, and so it is. But the greater part of that money was got in *small sums*. Ah! if you only knew how many pennies went to make up that large amount! Now, if each person who gave something had said, "Such a mite as I can bestow is of no use; I may as well keep it back;" why, the society would not have any funds at all, and nothing would be done. It would be as if each little rain-drop should stay up in the sky. Why, then there would be no "rain upon the mown grass," no "showers to water the earth" (Ps. lxxii. 6). The flowers would wither, and the corn would die. Oh, how great the value of one penny's worth of good, with the blessing of God upon it!

Then do not despise the day of small things; but strive so to live and so to act, as to win at last from the lips of Jesus those sweet words of loving approval, "She hath done what she could."

"The drops of rain and the rays of light
Are small themselves, but when all unite
They water the world, and they make it bright.

"Then do not say, 'Of what use am I?'
We may each do good if we will but *try*;
We may soothe some grief or some want supply.

"We can lend to the poor a helping hand;
We can cheer the sick as we by them stand;
We can send God's word to a heathen land.

"We can speak to others in tones of love;
We can dwell in peace like the gentle dove;
We can point the weary to rest above.

"O! how sweet to think that in life's young days,
We may live to show forth our Saviour's praise;
And may guide some feet into wisdom's ways."

Our Sunday Schools.

GATHERED LILIES.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD.

"My beloved is gone down into his garden, . . . to gather lilies."—*Song of Solomon* vi. 2.

In our American gardens, in some shady, retired corner, you may find a modest lowly flower, with large deep-green leaves, and a profusion of blossoms of the purest white and of the sweetest perfume. It is the "Lily of the valley." Our daughters place the flower in the hair of the young bride; and many a little hand of an infant in his coffin have I seen clasped around this beautiful flower. The fair brow of the bride, and fairer brow of the little one sleeping in death,—like alabaster, brighter the nearer you bring it to the light,—is adorned by the presence of this lily.

Christ sometimes calls his church a vineyard, in which he raises the choicest fruit of the vine. Sometimes a garden, in which are planted trees and shrubs, spices, trees of frankincense, myrrh,

aloes, cinnamon, pomegranates, lilies, and many other flowers. And among all these there is none more beautiful than the lily. It is this that he gathers the most frequently. When I stand over the little coffin containing the babe so fair, so like marble, so unlike anything earthly, with a beauty which death could not efface,—the lily with the dew still fresh on it,—no more to bloom here, but with the dust shaken from it, and gently transplanted to the garden above in which to bloom for ever,—I always recall the words of our text, and feel that Christ has indeed come down into his garden to gather lilies!

We do not know what the little one would have been here. We do not know through what dangers, or sorrows, or pains it would have passed; but we know that it has gone to God to be educated, and will never remember any other home but heaven. It will not remember the few days of its wailing here, nor the sobs of its mother as she saw it dressed for the grave. The lily was gathered before the cold storms beat on it, or the burning sun had taken away its beauty. Death lifted it up so gently, that he left no mark of his hands upon it, except his seal which closed the ear and the eye, and stilled the beatings of the little heart.

But it is not about transplanted flowers that I am wishing at this time to speak; though if I were to try to describe something beautiful as a diamond and sublime enough for a picture which an angel might paint, I should select some little child who very early began to seek after Jesus, who lisped his praises here, and in the sublimity of simple faith went over the river of death, without a fear or a terror. We have seen such lilies gathered. I am thinking at this moment of a sweet child who stood at the grave of her mother and young sister, and with her little hand pointed out the spot between them where she begged her father to let her be buried. What an illness that child went through! And with what confidence in her Saviour, as she struggled on towards him through suffering, and was finally gathered to him with a faith that a Moses might admire! Such pictures never fade from the memory.

There is no part of his garden which Christ loves more to visit than the flowers—the lilies. Let us see what the great Redeemer has done to gather in the lilies of his garden—the children of his church.

1. *He gathers them under the care and love of their parents.*

God plants the seeds of love in the heart of all creatures, so that as soon as they have their young committed to them, they love them with a very strong love. The most savage beast will fight for her young, die for her young, and, if need be, will starve herself to give it food. Wounded, bleeding, dying, they will think only of their young. What child has not shed tears over that affecting story of the white polar bear? It is old, but so to the point that I feel that I must tell it.

A ship of war, the *Carcase*, was sent to make discoveries towards the North Pole. While frozen and locked in the ice, the man at the mast-head gave notice early one morning that three white bears were directing their course towards the ship. They had no doubt been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse, killed by the crew a few days before, and which had been set on fire and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach.

They proved to be an old bear with her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and snatched from the flames portions that remained unconsumed, and ate as if they were very hungry. The crew threw upon the ice some great lumps of flesh also, which they had still on hand. These the old bear fetched away singly, laid them before her cubs, and, dividing them, gave to each a share, reserving but a small portion for herself.

As she was fetching away the last piece, the sailors levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the most unfeeling to have seen the affectionate concern expressed by this animal.

Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, she still retained the piece of flesh in her mouth, carried it back to her cubs, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them. When she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up, all the

while moaning most piteously. When she found that she could not stir them, she went away, and when she had got to some distance, looked back and moaned. When that did not entice them away, she returned, and, smelling around them, began to lick their wounds.

She went away a second time, as before; and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But her cubs still not rising to follow her, she returned to them again; and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round pawing them, still moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and uttered a growl of despair, which the crew returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

Who does not know that after her drunken husband has stripped his home of everything that he can sell with which to buy drink, the poor mother will gather her babes around her? and, while the cold storm is raging out of doors, will give them the last mouthful of food she has, going without herself; and then, taking off the poor remnants of her shawl, will wrap them in it, and bend over them as they murmur for food in their slumbers—praying that she may not die, because nobody else will take care of these helpless ones.

No child can ever know how many times his parents have risen in the night for him, watched over his cradle, trembled for his safety; or how many times the *praying* parent has commended him to the Infinite Redeemer. Who teaches the child to speak, to walk, to know its letters, to take care of himself? Who teaches him the name of God and the first words of prayer?

A Christian home is a garden. There earnest prayer goes up for the child every day. There he is trained. There he hears Christ spoken of, and spoken to, with reverence and affection. There he hears God's Word read every day, so that he cannot remember when these things were new to him. There he sees the world laid aside, and the Sabbath welcomed. There he hears of the mercy of Christ shown in the conversion of men, in the death of the righteous, and in the hopes of the living. The most sacred thing in the dwelling is the family-altar.

Sometimes the little child has no home and no parents to train him thus. But God has made special promises to such, and God takes peculiar care of him. I once knew a good minister and his wife both carried to the grave nearly at the same time, leaving a family of children. I was amazed to see how quickly loving hearts were raised up, and kind homes opened for them. Among them was a sweet little boy about a year old. On my mentioning the case at an evening-meeting, a gentleman and his wife at once said they would adopt him, and make him their own. But before they could get him, he was sent for to go up where his father and mother were, and the frail lily was gathered there. It was affecting to see how the new parents, who wanted to adopt him, were disappointed, and how they grieved. And many an orphan on whose head the hand of a dying father or mother has been laid, has found other hearts to love him, other hands to feed him, and others to train him up in the way of the Lord. The family is the school-house of the church of Jesus Christ.

2. *He gathers the lilies in the Sabbath school.*

There are but few men now who cannot look back to the time when they went to the Sabbath school. Perhaps there is a man now sitting down alone in China, and sending his thoughts all the way back to his country. He seems to see the home where he used to live when a child, the old gate on which he swung, the deep well from which he used to drink, the kind friends who took care of him. And now he seems to hear the old church bell ring, and to see the people gathering for worship; and he seems to see the little boys and girls gathering with him in the Sabbath school. He sees the very pew in which he sat; and now the face and the form of that good, faithful teacher rise up before him! He remembers how kind and gentle he was, how patient and meek he was, and how he used to speak of Christ with tears. He remembers how his own heart was affected; and how in that school he first felt that he was a sinner, and needed a Saviour; and how there he first felt the love of Christ in his heart. He was gathered into the Sabbath school, and then gathered into the school of Christ.

There he learned to be a missionary of the cross; and such a missionary he is in China to-day. And were men to come together from the east and the west, the north and the south, and tell when, and where, and how they were brought to Christ, one would say, "I am a missionary of Christ, and was gathered to him in the Sabbath school." Another would say, "I am a pastor of a church of Jesus, and in the Sabbath school I was first led to him." Another would say, "I am a Christian lawyer, and I bless God for the Sabbath school." "So do I," says the Christian physician; "I was never taught to go to the Great Physician, till I went to the Sabbath school." "And there," says the Christian merchant, "I learned to buy the pearl of great price, and to be a merchant for Jesus Christ."

There are thousands of children who have no parents, and God is their Father. There are thousands more whose parents do not instruct them in the family, and so God touches the hearts of the good, and puts into their hearts a desire to do good, and to become teachers. The minister is told to feed the lambs of his flock, and there is no way in which he can do it so well as by training up good teachers for the Sabbath school. The Bible is like a great lake on the top of the mountain; ministers are the great pipes which draw out the water, and these teachers are like the many pipes which carry it to every house. Or, to use the figure in our text, the church is the garden, and the children are the flowers—the lilies which grow in the garden; and the teachers are the gardeners, who go among them to keep out the weeds, and to give each one water and air and sunlight, and to seek to make them beautiful for the owner of the garden, Jesus Christ.

3. *He gathers the lilies by converting children's souls.*

Some think the little child cannot be converted because he is too young to understand religion. They might just as well say he cannot live on food, because he cannot tell *how* the grass that feeds the ox is turned into meat, and then nourishes him. They might as well say he cannot be warmed with his clothes, because he cannot tell *how* the grass which the sheep eats is turned into wool, and how the wool is made into cloth. The greatest man that ever lived cannot tell how the grass is turned into flesh or into wool, and thus made to nourish or to warm us. The little child can eat the food and live. The philosopher can do no more. The little child can put on his garments and be warm. The great and learned man can do no more.

A poor blind beggar was in the street, when Christ passed by and had mercy on him. What did he want? That his eyes might be opened. Could he tell *how* Christ opened his eyes? What answer could he give, when he was asked, "*How* opened he thine eyes?" "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Could the greatest man that ever lived say more?

Every child knows what it is to love his mother; but can he tell you anything more about this love than that he *feels* it? Could any man say more?

Every child can take hold of his father's hand, and go with him in the dark, and this is having *faith* in his father; but he cannot tell you *what* faith is.

A little child once got lost in the woods, and night came on, and it grew dark, and they could not find him for a long time. At last he lay down under a log, cold and afraid, and cried as loud as he dared. At length he heard some one calling. He was afraid at first that it was a wild beast. Then he thought he heard his own name. Still he did not stir. But when the voice came nearer, and he plainly heard his own name called, he left off crying, and jumped up, and went towards the voice. He could not see anything, but he heard his father's voice, and ran to him. Thus he could have faith, though he could not tell what faith was.

So the little child can believe in Christ and love Christ, though he cannot know all the deep things in religion. He can live upon the sincere milk of the word, and grow thereby, and that is all that is necessary for his being gathered to Christ.

The beautiful rose does not know how the dews of the night refresh and revive it; but they do refresh it. The modest lily, that peeps up and catches a few of the bright sunbeams, does not know how they make it white and pure; but they do make it so. The valley, that lies at the foot of the

mountain, does not know how the gentle rills that run down from the sides of the mountain, bursting out from hundreds of little springs, make it bright and fertile; but they do thus clothe it with beauty. So the little one does not know *how* he believes in Christ, and *how* he lives by faith; but he does thus believe and thus live. The tall tree of the forest, and the giant-oak on the hill, can no more tell how they are nourished by the rain and the sunshine than can the little violet that grows in the crack of a rock; and the lofty tree in the garden, and the frail lily, are alike fed, they know not how. When the child has said that he feels love to Christ in his heart, could a Newton, with his great mind, say any more?

4. *Christ gathers the lilies into the garden of heaven.*

Suppose you were to go into a beautiful garden, and as you stooped down to admire a sweet lily, it were to droop its leaves, and shut up its flowers, and say to you, "I am a mourner! I had a beautiful child by my side, which grew from my root. It opened its flowers, and mingled its leaves with mine, and waved its head, and seemed daily to smile upon me. It seemed to me as if there never was a lily so white, and pure, and beautiful! But one day there came a man with a spade, and he rudely dug up my child, and tore its roots from mine, and then crowded it into a small pot, and carried it off. He said not a word to me. He gave not a word of explanation. But he silently carried away my child."

What would you say to that mourning lily? You would say, "Do not grieve. The man who seemed so rude was the owner of the garden, and he put the young lily in the flower-pot, and has carried it into his own parlour, where, under his own eye, it will be sheltered from the storms and cold winds and snows of winter, and where it will bloom in its beauty continually. He came himself, and gathered his lily, and gently removed it to the warm place where he himself lives."

Do you not understand this, children? Does not Christ thus come to his garden, and gather lilies, and remove them to his own beautiful home in the heavens? No storms come there. No crying is heard there. It is called the Paradise, or garden of the Lord.

Here, a garden is a beautiful place; but it was in a garden that Adam sinned; and it was in a garden that Jesus was exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; and it was in a garden that he found a tomb. But in the Paradise above there shall be nothing of sin, of sorrow, or of death. The serpent shall not draw his trail over the flowers; tears shall not fall among them; and death shall leave no footprints there.

By this subject as I hope, you are prepared to see,—

1. *One beautiful trait in our blessed Saviour's character.*

He can teach senators wisdom. Kings reign by his aid, and princes decree justice by his teaching. The wisest man that ever lived, grows wiser if Christ teaches him. The greatest man that ever lived, is greater for sitting at Christ's feet. The poet sings more sweetly, if the Spirit of Jesus touches his harp. The palace of the king is more beautiful for having Christ in it; and the hall of legislation is more honoured, if he presides in it. He walks among the stately buildings of the great city, and makes the rich people better; but he also goes to the cottage, and sows by the side of the door a plant called Contentment, and it grows and covers the poor man's cottage, and makes all within happy. He comes to the bed of the sick, and leaves an angel there, whose name is Submission, and the feeble one weeps no more. He comes to the little child, and becomes his companion. He comes into the garden, and there gathers the lilies which he places in his garden above for ever. He is just as well fitted to be the child's friend, as if he thought only of him, and planned only for him.

2. *We all see duties that rest upon us.*

Ministers must not neglect the lambs of the flock. They must think much of the children, and pray for them, and see that they are faithfully instructed, because these are the lilies which Christ comes to gather.

Parents must not grieve too much, or think the little ones are lost whom Christ takes from their arms; for they are gathered lilies. They must not fail to train up their families faithfully and prayerfully, because from these he will yet gather his lilies.

Sabbath school teachers! consider the lilies. They are for you to water, and

nurture, and cultivate. No fairer flowers grow in all the garden of God,—none that Christ thinks more of,—none whom he loves more! I think I hear him say to you, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

Children! there is not one among you all of whom Christ does not think. Consider the lily. How easily soiled! How worthless when ruined! So does sin look in a child! You must not use wicked words, nor do wicked deeds, nor have wicked thoughts, if you are Christ's lilies.

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

In carrying on the missionary work in India, it has not unseldom happened that young men of high caste and good family have been brought under deep convictions of the truths of the Gospel. In some cases these inquirers have been underage, and the anticipation of their becoming Christians has led to the most strenuous efforts by their friends to prevent their abandonment of the idol worship of their fathers. With the spread of education these cases have multiplied, and it has become a question of serious difficulty with the missionaries how to deal with them. In two instances, within the last eighteen months, one in Calcutta and one in Bombay, the parents have resorted to the courts of law to compel the missionaries to restore their children. The decisions are in direct opposition to each other, and it is a matter of great importance to the progress of the Gospel how the missionaries are for the future to act. We propose to give an outline of these two cases, and of the decisions which have been given, both as an illustration of the course of events in India, and with the desire to awaken in our readers sympathy with the proceedings of the missionaries.

The first case is that of Hema Nath Bose, of Calcutta. He is a Hindu youth, and was a pupil of the Calcutta Training Academy: an institution conducted by Hindus, and from which all instruction in Christianity is excluded. As afterwards appeared, he was, at the time of the proceedings we are about to detail, in his sixteenth year, and had made great proficiency in his studies, so as to secure a very high position in the senior department of the academy. He had formed an intimacy with a youth who attended the General Assembly's Institution, and from him learnt much of the nature of Christianity. His convictions at length became so strong that he determined to visit the Rev. Lal Behari Dey, a native minister of the Free Church of Scotland. He was encouraged to persevere in his inquiries; but to his request to remain with the missionary, Mr. Dey would not listen. He gave the youth a copy of the New Testament, advised him to study it at home, and to come occasionally for further instruction. Hema Nath was, however, reluctant to return home; spoke of the opposition he should have to encounter, of the persecution he had already had to endure, and besought permission to remain. This was denied him. Two days after he came again to Mr. Dey. He avowed his conviction of the truth of the Gospel, said that he found it impracticable to read much of the Testament at home, and begged to be retained as a catechumen. He was again persuaded to go home, and sorrowfully he went away. A whole week passed by, and he presented himself for a third time, his Testament under his arm, and exhibiting every mark of a sincere desire to be a follower of Christ. He reiterated his wish to join the mission. He reminded Mr. Dey that in such solemn matters delays were dangerous. He was ready to forsake, he said, his dearest relatives and his earthly all for Christ. Mr. Dey now felt it his duty to receive the lad as a catechumen; and after reminding him of the trials which probably awaited his decision, knelt down, commended him to God, and gave him a room in the converts' buildings behind the mission-house. The next day, and throughout the week, the mission-house was filled with the lad's friends and relatives. Twice his father was closeted with him. Free access was allowed to every one, and Hema was again and again told by the missionary that he was free to go away if he thought fit. To the inquiries of Dr. Duff, who had been made acquainted with the case, as well as to the urgent entreaties of his

father and friends, he made but one answer—he wished to be a Christian. The father now had recourse to legal proceedings. On Monday, June 23rd, he applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was immediately granted by Sir Mordaunt Wells, and made returnable the next day. It was addressed to Dr. Duff and the Rev. Lal Behari Dey. On the matter being called on, on Tuesday morning, the judge, without waiting even for the return to be made, and scarcely listening to the counsel, who had been too hurriedly engaged to be acquainted with the case, proceeded with indecent haste to pronounce his decision. It was in effect, that as Hema Nath Bose was not of the age of sixteen, the legal age in India, he must return to his parents; till then he had no right to independent action. Evidence was at hand to prove that the youth wanted but four or five months of the legal age, and that neither Mr. Dey nor Dr. Duff had used any persuasions to induce him to leave his home. The youth also was present to answer for himself. But Sir Mordaunt Wells would hear nothing, would investigate nothing, but seized the occasion to cast the most offensive imputations on the missionaries. He charged them with taking away the youth—that they had no right to keep a Hindu child from his parents, and said the time was come to prevent a system of forcible conversions being carried on in India. Every one of these statements is untrue. It was apparent that the judge was pleased to avail himself of the opportunity to show his dislike of and his contempt for Christian missionaries and native converts. This, however, might be borne. Christian missionaries are not unaccustomed to have their good works evil spoken of; but a decision like this was calculated to throw many obstacles in the way of the great work of evangelizing India.

A similar case has met with a very different result in Bombay. In this instance, a youth, named Witta, wanting five months of sixteen years of age, had taken up his abode in the Free Church Missionary Institution, in which he had been a day pupil for three years. As in the former instance, every possible exertion was made by his parents and friends to induce him to return home, and he was left at entire freedom to act as he pleased. Persuasions had no effect, and resort was had to the law. In giving his decision, Sir Joseph Arnould raised the question whether there was in Hindu law a distinction between the age of discretion and the age of majority, as is the case in England. In England the age of discretion is fixed at fourteen, which is also the age of responsibility for criminal acts. In India the age of majority is sixteen, and that at which responsibility for crime commences is twelve, the law thus recognising the greater precocity of Indian youths. The judge was not, however, inclined to go quite so far; but was certainly of opinion "that the period of life at which discretionary rights commenced should not be fixed at a more advanced age than in England." He therefore took the age of fourteen as applicable to India, and ordered that Witta Dhummu should be allowed to choose the place of his domicile. Sir Joseph Arnould then put the question to the youth, "Do you desire to reside with the Rev. Mr. Forbes, or with your father?" He distinctly, and without hesitation, chose to stay with the missionary. In reply to a further question, he also said it was his desire to learn more of Christianity, and that his parents would not allow him to become a Christian. Both the temper and legal research of the judge bore a most remarkable contrast to the proceedings of his Calcutta contemporary.

This important decision will probably rule all future cases of the same kind. Sir Mordaunt Wells' hasty and petulant judgment is practically set aside; and the gain secured of a definite age being fixed when the educated youth of India, now so largely imbued with Christian and other knowledge destructive of the religion of their forefathers, may be able to choose for themselves whom they will serve—the God of heaven, or an idol, which is nothing in the world. Heathen fathers will be compelled to respect the rights of conscience in their children, and those cruel persecutions be averted, which in so many cases, in years gone by, have destroyed the blossoming hopes of the Christian church in Hindostan.

The following paragraphs are extracts from a letter sent to the Rev. C. Carter by Mr. Samuel Perera, the pastor of the native church in Kandy, Ceylon. It is now nearly two years that the members of this church have endeavoured to sustain their own ministers and the ordinances of grace, and they have done it successfully. It contains thirty-five members. They collected last year as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
For the Christian Vernacular Education Society	1	2	7
For the Baptist Missionary Society	1	16	0
For Incidental Expenses ...	5	7	10
„ Schools in the Village ...	19	4	0
„ Pastor's Salary	48	0	0
Total ...	£75	10	5

As the letter was written by Mr. Perera

in Singhalese, Mr. Carter has kindly translated the passages which we now give.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER REFERRED TO.

"Five months ago I caught the small-pox, but had it very favourably, and soon recovered. It is manifest that that illness was for my good, and I thank God that he has thereby opened to me a door to preach the Gospel to those who are ill of that disease. The small-pox which then appeared in Kandy has not yet died away, and great numbers have suffered from it. Some of our members have suffered, but are well again. Spiritually, too, the greater part are not only well, but advancing in prosperity. But as we have joy over those who are advancing, so we have sorrow over some who are falling."

(Here follows the account of two backsliders, and of two young men who have been lately baptized, and are humble, active, and most useful members of the church, and followers of Christ.)

"Several brethren came from Matelle, sixteen miles distant, to witness the baptism at Kandy, and after that, fourteen brethren went from Kandy to witness the baptism of two at Matelle. These days were days that brought us great joy, and we remembered you also on them.

"I have another most pleasing thing to mention. A man informed Mr. Amaris Silva (our native preacher or evangelist at Kadugannawa, which place is ten miles from Kandy) that there were a number of people who had forsaken Buddhism and accepted Christianity in a village called Korigammana, which is about thirteen miles from Kadugannawa. Upon which he went to visit them, met with them, and heard from them the wonderful things which had taken place amongst them. He returned with joy and informed us; and we, having now been several times to that village, have wondered at what God has done amongst them, and thank him who has thus poured out his Spirit, and wrought such mighty things.

"I will mention briefly what has taken place amongst them. They first became acquainted with Christianity by receiving from some people who live in a village called Talanpithia, the *Christian Institutes*, and the *Golden Balance* (the former, by the late Mr. Gogerly, of the Wesleyan Mission, and the latter a translation of Dr. Judson's tract). Through the preaching of Mr. Jones, of the Church Mission at Talanpithia, which is seven miles from Korigammana, many persons of that village have forsaken Buddhism and embraced Christianity. The inhabitants of these two villages are low caste persons. About fifteen persons at Korigammana have forsaken Buddhism, and acknowledged Christianity to be the true religion. Of these, about six seem to have attained to spiritual life. Most of them are well acquainted with Buddhism, can read and write, and are of respectable character. Another thing which has furthered their adoption of Christianity, is the religious controversy which there now is in Ceylon. Knowing Buddhism well, they perceived that the statements made in Christian books were just and right, and that Buddhists were only trying to cover up their faults. Their high caste neighbours are extremely opposed to them. They receive Christians, who go to visit them, with affection, and delight to entertain them, and learn things from them. They are most anxious to hear the preaching of the Gospel. On the occasions on which I went, from twenty-five to thirty persons assembled even at night. They told us they were anxious to have some one to instruct them in the truths of Christianity, and to teach their children, and begged us to help them. Mr. Waldock, therefore, went to the village, examined matters, and as there was no one else to send, and very few children came to the Mahagama school, and the people there care nothing about religion, he has given up that school for a time, and sent my brother (the teacher, Migel Perera) to Korigammana. The people there have now finished building a school-room, and have given one of their houses for my brother to live in until they can build a house for him, to whom they are much attached.

"For the last fortnight an intelligent old man, seventy years of age, who was a rigid Buddhist, having considered our discourses, has now forsaken Buddhism, accepted Christianity, and exhorts others on the subject. He has often asked to be baptized, and is extremely anxious for it. Some four of them, before we went to that village, used to go sometimes twelve miles to hear preaching. Mr. Jones has this month baptized twelve of the people of Talanpithia, besides a priest. Though the people of Korigammana are desirous of being baptized, we exercise caution.

"We are confident that you will pray, and joyfully thank God with us, for all these things which he is thus doing at Ceylon.

"There are now three newspapers, published in Singhalese, for the illumination of Ceylon, conducted severally by Buddhists, Roman Catholics, and Protestants. We are glad, for by these means the Gospel gets proclaimed. We, too, have had opportunities of exhibiting various subjects in these papers. The religious controversy is still going on. Both parties (the Christian and Buddhist) have published various books and pamphlets. We now perceive, even more than before, the value of your translation of the New Testament; but as we have not the Old Testament, we are like persons who work with only one hand. We trust that God at the right time will give us that also.

"The work which Amaris Silva is doing at Kadugannawa is prospering. Matelle affairs, too, are prospering exceedingly. Our brother Silva (the native pastor there), suffers a great deal from the Buddhists; but he is able to bear it all."

From the facts given below it will be seen that the cyclone in Calcutta, of which

our readers have heard, has been very destructive to our mission premises. The Lall Bazaar Chapel has had its zinc roof torn off; beyond this we have not yet received the particulars of the damage that has been done.

Under date of October 9, the Rev. C. B. Lewis writes as follows:—

"The night of the 4th was rainy and the following morning very dark and wet, but we had little expectation of the terrific storm which was rushing upon us, and which raged with almost unexampled fury for about five hours, uprooting all the noblest trees, tearing out doors and windows, dashing down houses and walls, and inflicting upon the shipping in the river loss which I expect will have to be computed in millions sterling. You will doubtless read many graphic accounts of this tempest in the newspapers. I shall not attempt to describe the howling tempest in its fury, or the scene presented by the country around us, now that all is bright and calm once more. I am anxiously looking for tidings from our stations, that we may know to what extent they have suffered. I can only guess the amount of loss thus far, but I have reason to fear that £1,000 will not repair all the damage we, as a Society, have sustained in house property. I fear that the tidal wave, which in such tempests rushes in from the sea, and which in this instance fringed the Banks of the Hooghley with vessels of all kinds, from dinghys and native cargo boats to large steamers and fine ships of 1,500 tons burden, has had ruinous effects upon some of the Christian villages to the south of Calcutta, and that it will be necessary to do something for the help of the sufferers."

Our readers will especially regret to hear of the damage done at Serampore, as detailed in the following extract from the *Friend of India*:—

"A tremendous gale, unequalled within the experience of men who have been forty years in the country, has been raging for hours, and has scarcely subsided at the time we write. We know not how far its devastations may have extended, but we can answer for the effects of it in our own locality. It began from the north-east, and turned the river Hooghley into a sea which swept everything before it. It carried away the road which skirts the river at Serampore, and in the height of the gale two large flats foundered—more than one native boat, in front of our own house, sharing their fate. The compound which surrounds the *Friend of India* house and offices was yesterday studded with fine trees, the growth of a century—to-day it is a wreck. Mahogany trees lie with their roots torn out of the ground, large verandahs deck the paths; and as our house itself is a mere ruin, and our offices a swamp, and the river is rushing in upon us as if determined to make a clean sweep of us altogether, it will be imagined that we have not got our present paper to press under the most cheerful circumstances in the world. After blowing some hours from the north-east the gale shifted round to the south, from whence it is blowing while we write. The destruction of native huts round about Serampore is enormous. Dr. Carey's garden, which was adorned with some rare and beautiful trees, contains now a few melancholy stumps. The whole place is a wilderness, and, judging from what we can see of Barrackpore, they have not fared much better on that side. If this has been the effect within the range of a few hundred yards, it is too evident that the general destruction must have been immense. The gale is now (9 p.m. Wednesday) moderating; it appears to be a cyclone, and no longer spends its fury in one particular direction."

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

THE LORD'S WORK IN SWEDEN.—*To the Editor of The Baptist Reporter.*—DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you a copy of *The Christian Times*, in which you will find an article about "The Lord's Work in Sweden." Should you think proper to insert it in your Magazine, I have no doubt that the readers would be interested. Hoping that you are still living in the enjoyment of your accustomed spiritual and temporal blessings,—I remain, dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

A. WIBERG.

Middletown, Ohio, Oct. 7, 1864.

"MESSRS. EDITORS,—The work of grace which has been going on for years in Sweden still continues, as will be seen from the following extracts made from recent reports. Brother Drake, who temporarily has the superintendence of colportage in Sweden, in a general survey of the mission work during the past year, says: 'The most interesting part of the field during the past year has been in the northern portion of the kingdom. In the region round about Sundsvall, the churches have been refreshed; to the praise of the Lord we can say, the movement is decidedly onward. It has not come all of a sudden, but must rather be regarded as a blessing upon the ordinary means of grace. During the summer months, when there is

least opportunity for missionary labour, on account of the busy time of harvest, a session of the colporteur school was held in Sundsvall, by the Rev. G. Palmquist. The number of pupils was seventeen, divided into two classes. Refreshed in their own souls, they went out in all directions, and the Lord has blessed their labours to the churches and to the unconverted.

"In the parish of Bergsja quite a revival has followed. From fifty to sixty conversions are reported, but the brethren engaged in the work have been forbidden by the State-church Council to preach any more in the parish, and probably will be obliged to leave the place.

"The region of Umea has been visited by a sudden awakening. On the arrival of Brother Pehr Lind in November last, there were found not a few professing Christian Lutherans in Umea, but a general dulness prevailed. Being a Baptist he was ordered out of their houses from village to village, but still he persisted in his efforts, and at last was permitted to address about ten persons in a dark ungodly village. The Spirit of the Lord was pleased to descend. Within a few days a powerful work of grace was in progress, which has continued up to the last date of information. The people flock together in hundreds from great distances to hear the Gospel, and hopeful converts are counted in tens, not to say scores, in nearly all the villages some thirty miles up the Umea river. But here also persecution has followed, and Brother Lind will probably be robbed of all his property, or be subjected to some months' imprisonment.

"In the middle of Sweden, the work of the Lord continues to progress steadily. In the city of Stockholm the present meeting-room of the Baptist church is uncomfortably crowded, even at the nine o'clock service, Sabbath morning. Sixty-eight new members were added by baptism to the church during the past year.

"The south of Sweden is sadly destitute of labourers. From many places the cry is heard, 'Come over and help us.'

"The Stockholm Missionary Union, during the past year, appointed seven colporteurs; a branch society in Sundsvall, eight; and the seven Associations of the Baptist churches, ten.

"There have been published by the Stockholm Missionary Union during the year 3,568,000 pages of books and tracts; and by the Executive Committee of the Baptist Church, 2,000 copies of Prerequisites to Communion, by A. N. Arnold.

"During the last few months a spirit of bitter persecution has been manifested in several parts of the country. The two paragraphs of the 'Conventicle Law' enforced, are,—1st. The one empowering the church councils to forbid any one they think dangerous to the State-church system from holding religious meetings in their respective parishes. On this ground the persecution against Brother Lind in the region of Umea has been carried on. For two offences against the same law Brother Ring, in the region of Hudicksvall, has been fined fifty rix-dollars. 2nd. The prohibition to hold religious meetings during the time of the State-church services. For holding such a meeting on a Sabbath morning in August last, in Wimmerby, Brother Holmgren has been fined 100 rix-dollars. In all these cases the friends who have opened their houses for the holding of meetings have been fined too. A brother, a commissioned officer in the army, has been dismissed from service recently, only because he would not quit holding religious meetings. His captain, who appreciated him as a good soldier, tried to gain him by saying that he would lose his salary, but the gallant soldier of the cross answered, that 'he would much less lose the great reward received in heaven,' and he cheerfully left all and followed Christ.

"During the year 1863, eight hundred and forty persons were baptized. At the beginning of January, 1864, there were in Sweden seven Associations, one hundred and seventy churches, with 6,191 members.

"The following extracts, made from the recent reports of Brother P. Lind, will convey some idea of the nature of the work in the north of Sweden, as well as of the difficulties with which our brethren have to contend. Brother Lind writes:—'On the 20th of November I preached morning and evening. So many assembled that they could not get into the room. A few remained for conversation and prayer. At nine in the morning of the next day the room was crowded with people eager to hear the word of God. All work was laid aside that day; I addressed the people four times, and the intervals were occupied in praying and conversing with anxious souls. The 22nd was Sabbath, and an immense number of people assembled, coming even from distant villages, to whom I preached the Gospel message. Eight professed to have found peace in believing, who arose and exhorted others to come to Christ. The whole of the day following was also spent in religious exercises. I made four addresses to the people. Some more publicly professed to have found peace in believing—among them were some whole families. I was myself struck with astonishment at the grace of God. I was informed that this village of Wenfors had been the most wicked place in the parish, the inhabitants being accustomed to spend every Sabbath afternoon in dancing and sport. Before I left, about forty persons, from old age to childhood, professed to have found mercy.

"'Dec. 3rd. Walked fifteen miles to the village of Higgsjo where I remained over the 7th preaching the Word twice every day. Many were pricked in their hearts, and seven persons professed faith in Christ. Two of the number were men past sixty years of age, who openly praised God for his long-suffering mercy. Proceeded on my way to Wenfors, the village where the present work of grace commenced. Remained here until after the 9th. Preached six sermons. The new-born souls rejoiced in the love of Jesus. A man past seventy years of age, who had

been one of the most self-righteous, was brought to see the utter worthlessness of his own works, in view of which he trembled as an aspen leaf and wept profusely. The following day he was enabled to lay hold of Christ as his complete righteousness. 14th. Walked to Jemtebohle, where I remained two days. Preached five sermons. The people flocked together from great distances and listened to the Word with eagerness. But the priest came and literally drove me out of the place. Went to Sterkssmark, where the inhabitants were less afraid of the priest. Preached twice every day until the 19th. Some were awakened. A woman who had been under deep concern for years, until her burden became so heavy that she thought she could not live, had her eyes opened to see the Gospel plan of salvation, and praised God for his unspeakable gift.

"'On the 6th of January, 1864, went to Kordes. Preached twice every day in this village and in a neighbouring village called Baggbole, to increasing congregations, probably amounting to about three hundred persons. Many were deeply wounded by the sword of the Spirit, and cried aloud for mercy. Some were enabled to believe in Christ, and praised God with joy unspeakable. On the 9th I was summoned to appear before the priest and the police-sergeant, who entered into an examination of my doctrinal views. These I frankly told them, and returned to my work. 17th. Returned to Baggbole. Was happy to find some who had been awakened on my former visit now having found peace in believing. Remained here until the 23rd, preaching the Word every day to great crowds. Scarcely a meeting passed away without a number being awakened, and one or more souls being enabled to trust in Christ. Conversed with a man sixty-eight years of age, who was led to a saving knowledge of Christ under my first labours in this village two months ago. He was now lying sick, apparently at the point of death, rejoicing in the hope of going home to his Saviour. But Satan could not suffer this work to go on without trying to hinder it. On the 24th I was summoned to appear before the church council, who strictly forbade me to speak publicly any more in the parish. The following day I was called up before the civil authorities, and was told I should certainly be fined, if I did not quit the province at once. The police-officers who were present were also enjoined to enter complaint against me if I did not obey. On both these occasions I said I would stop, if it were the will of God; but as I could not see it, I was determined to go on, and rather suffer persecution.

"'February 17th to 21st. Revisited Wenfors. Found that a reputedly pious priest, in connection with some other bigoted Lutherans, had been there, trying to persuade them that I would teach awful heresies about baptism. The result was that the most dared not even speak to me. Some, however, desired Christian baptism. With those and a few others I enjoyed some precious hours in meditating upon the Word of God. 22nd. Went to Svettaker. There also the unhallowed zeal of the bigoted Lutherans had opened the eyes of some to see the unscripturalness of the State-church. Held three prayer-meetings with the converts. While here I received a summons to appear before the lower court of justice on the 5th of April. 23rd. Went to Brendland. Found that those who had opened their rooms for me had also been summoned to appear before the court of justice.' A. Wiberg."

DOMESTIC.

Brighton.—The church and congregation meeting in Queen Street Chapel, Brighton, under the ministry of the Rev. J. Wilkins, met on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, for the purpose of returning thanks to God for his kind providence in crowning with so much success their efforts lately put forth to clear off a mortgage. Five years ago, the pastor and people, after having been subjected for some time to the greatest annoyance, succeeded in purchasing the chapel at liabilities above £2,000. The building was then put in trust for the denomination, subject to an original mortgage of £1,000. The remaining sum of £1,000 was provided for by a second mortgage of £500, and by personal security. The trustees and their friends at once set about removing these incumbrances, and during the past four and a half years prior to May of the present year, upwards of £900 had been raised in connection with the trust fund, almost entirely by the people themselves. This sum has been spent in removing personal liabilities, paying interest, and reducing the mortgages (the original mortgage being reducible by annual payments). Six months ago, the second mortgage—which had been reduced to £310—was called in; and on June 27th, the church and congregation met to take steps to raise the money. After a few weeks' effort and prayer, £563 12*s.* 7*d.* was obtained. Under these circumstances it was felt to be good to meet to praise God, by whose blessing the people had been enabled to raise the required sum. From two to three hundred persons sat down to tea. The public meeting, which was presided over by the Rev. J. Wilkins, who detailed the several circumstances connected with the object of the present gathering, was subsequently addressed by Messrs. Pearsall, Collins, Mahon, Murdin, Moon, Flint, and other members of the committee and trustees, who all spoke with the warmest affection and gratitude. The meeting was every way highly gratifying; and the church, now freed from its embarrassments, hopes to make increased progress in the work of the Lord.

CIRCUS CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM.—In the autumn of 1862 this chapel underwent very extensive alterations, at a cost of £960. Previously to this, there was a mortgage debt of £700 upon the building; making a total liability of £1,660. Mr. Salt, of Bradford, offered to contribute £100, provided the entire debt was paid in two years from the time of the re-opening. This great work has been accomplished; and special services—in celebration of the event—have recently been held. The Rev. Isaac Lord preached on Sunday, Nov. 13th; the Rev. H. S. Brown preached on the following Monday evening; and on the next day upwards of 1,000 persons took tea together. The number at the tea-meeting was so great that every available inch of space was occupied, including the body and galleries of the chapel, school-rooms, and lecture-room. After tea a crowded meeting assembled in the chapel, under the presidency of Mr. W. Middlemore. Mr. S. A. Daniel read the financial statement, which showed that the sum required to liquidate the debt—including the mortgage, the half-year's interest due on the mortgage, the expenses incurred in the alteration of the chapel, and the sums expended in collecting the necessary funds—amounted to about £1,715, and that towards this amount about £1,692 had been raised, leaving a balance of about £23 yet to be provided. The deficiency was supplied by friends in the meeting, the chairman taking the lead. Mr. Middlemore then congratulated the congregation at Circus Chapel on the result; and expressed a hope that, at the end of two years more, they would meet together again to celebrate the completion of some other important work. The Rev. J. P. Barnett, the pastor, then thanked the chairman, those friends in Birmingham, and many others not resident in Birmingham, who had contributed so liberally to this triumphant issue; and narrated the circumstances under which the movement for liquidating the debt had been started and carried on. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Revs. J. J. Brown, G. B. Johnson, R. Ann, C. Vince, W. F. Callaway, I. Lord, W. L. Giles, and J. Davies; and the proceedings closed with the Doxology.

MILTON, CAMBS.—For nearly half a century this village has been a preaching station of the Baptists, and it was one of the first places visited by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon as a village preacher. For several years service was held in an old barn fitted up for the purpose, which became so dilapidated that—about four years ago—the preaching was given up for want of a place in which to worship. Several attempts have been made to secure a piece of land on which to erect a chapel; but until the present without success. A short time since, a very eligible piece of freehold land was presented by Mr. Isaac Coulson, and having been legally conveyed into the hands of the trustees, the foundation-stone was laid on Wednesday, Nov. 9th. About half-past two o'clock, friends from the neighbouring villages began to assemble, forming, with the inhabitants of Milton, a large and respectable congregation. A few minutes after three o'clock, G. Livett, Esq., of Cambridge, accompanied by his two sons and several ministers and friends, ascended a temporary platform erected for the occasion. After singing and prayer by the Rev. J. C. Wells, of Cottenham, the Rev. G. Sear, of Histon, on behalf of the trustees, presented Mr. Livett with a silver trowel; with which—after delivering an earnest and powerful address—he proceeded to lay the stone. The Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, also delivered an address. On retiring from the ground, about 120 persons sat down to a very excellent tea; and at six o'clock a public meeting was held and addressed by G. Livett, Esq., who accepted the chair; and the Revs. J. C. Wells, of Cottenham; E. S. Neale, Waterbeach; J. C. Wooster, Landbeach; G. Sear, Histon; and J. Smith, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. The collections were liberal, and a spirit of earnestness characterized the whole proceedings.

HARBORNE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.—The Baptists of Harborne are now erecting a new chapel. The interior will be seated for a congregation of 300, which is about double the number the old chapel held. Attached to the chapel is a school-room already completed, of the same style of architecture as the chapel. The cost of the whole is £1,800. Of this sum about £1,100 have been promised. On Tuesday, October 11th, the memorial-stone was laid by Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., M.P. The place was quite crowded, and presented a scene of animation and interest. The Rev. T. McLean, the minister, read a statement setting forth the circumstances which had led to the erection of the new building. He stated that gentlemen connected with other religious denominations had given substantial aid to the enterprise. All the members of the congregation had liberally responded to the appeal made to them. Three gentlemen on the building committee had promised £100 each. Mr. W. Middlemore had promised the same amount. Mr. T. Crowley had promised £100 on condition that the debt on the day of opening did not exceed £400. This necessitated raising £300 before the com-

pletion of the building, and Mr. McLean made an earnest appeal to the auditory for continued assistance. The stone was then laid by Sir S. M. Peto, who made a speech congratulating his friends that the voluntary principle was doing so much. The Rev. R. W. Dale and the Rev. C. Vince also spoke, and the Rev. Dr. Evans, of Scarborough, pronounced the benediction.

BACK STREET, TROWBRIDGE.—On Wednesday, October 26th, the church and congregation held a tea-meeting to commemorate the 121st anniversary of the founding of the church, and the twenty-first of the pastorate of Mr. Barnes. It was a very large and animated gathering, the chief speakers being Mr. Roberts, of Bristol, and Mr. Wassell, of Bath. The pastor supplied the following statistics:—In 1843, the church consisted of 283 members, of whom 203 are dead or removed. Of the remaining eighty, not less than twenty are incapacitated by old age or otherwise from attendance, so that only sixty remain in actual fellowship. In the twenty-one years, 547 members have been added, or rather more than twenty-seven per annum. No year has been barren. The lowest yearly addition was ten; the rest ranging from this minimum to forty, fifty, and in one year to over sixty. Mr. Evans, senior deacon, narrated various interesting incidents in the history of the church, both before and during Mr. Barnes's pastorate. Within the latter period the chapel has been twice enlarged; the school-room enlarged; class-rooms erected; and a pretty branch chapel built, which has a flourishing school and congregation. Mr. Evans, then, in behalf of the meeting, presented to Mr. Barnes a valuable gold watch and appendages, as a memento of the occasion. After a suitable response from the pastor, and a telling address from W. Fowler, Esq., the pleasurable evening was concluded with singing and prayer.

BOXMOOR, HERTS.—The new Baptist chapel at Boxmoor, erected for the church of which the Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., is pastor, was opened for divine service on Wednesday, October 26th, when the Rev. F. Tucker and the Rev. J. Stoughton preached to large congregations. The devotional services were conducted by the Revs. W. Upton, of St. Albans; David Thomas, of Bristol; W. Emery, of Hemel Hempstead; and T. Peters, of Watford. A large company partook of dinner and tea in the school-room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The old chapel, which was demolished to make room for the present one, was erected largely by the efforts of the sisters of Dr. Carey (whose remains are interred in the chapel-yard), and was opened on Wednesday, October 26th, 1825. The Revs. Maurice Jones, F. W. Gotch, M.A., LL.D., and R. Pratten, B.A., successively ministered to the church before the settlement of the present pastor. The new chapel is a handsome Gothic structure in the early English style, with tower and pinnacle. There are 500 sittings. The cost is about £1,050, including extras. A large number of pastors and deacons of churches in neighbouring towns were present at the opening services. On Sunday, October 30th, the Rev. T. Pearson, M.A., of New College, shared the services with the pastor. Liberal collections were made on both days, and the services were of a very joyful and encouraging character.

BADCOX LANE CHAPEL, FROME.—On Thursday, October 20th, this place of worship, which had been closed for the last six months, during which time it had undergone a most complete and thorough restoration, was re-opened under circumstances of unusual interest. The re-opening services commenced by an early prayer-meeting in the vestry. In the afternoon, a public service was held in the chapel, when a numerous congregation assembled, and an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham. At five o'clock, a public tea-meeting was held in the school-room, at which 350 persons were present. At seven o'clock, a public meeting was held, and the chapel was crowded in every part. W. Fowler, Esq., of Trowbridge, presided, and, after singing and prayer, the Rev. W. Burton stated that the total cost of the alterations had been £900, towards which they had received, in cash and promises, about £750. Addresses, full of hearty congratulation and earnest desire for the spiritual prosperity of the people meeting for worship in their renovated sanctuary, were then given by the Revs. E. Edwards, of Frome; S. S. Pugh, Devizes; C. J. Middleditch, C. Vince, and T. G. Rooke. On the following Sunday, sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Right Hon. Lord Teynham, to large audiences. The collections made at the re-opening services reduce the debt to £100.

VERNON CHAPEL, PENTONVILLE.—The above place of worship having been placed in trust for the Baptist denomination, the members of the church called their friends and neighbours together to a public celebration, on Friday, October 14th. A tea-meeting was held in the school-room, when about 240 persons sat down. After tea a public service was held in the chapel